The Outlook

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1904

The Butchers' Strike

On Tuesday of last week the employes in the principal packing houses of the country went on strike. As Chicago is the great center of the cattle killing and packing industry, it is naturally the point of pivotal interest in the conflict. Although the tie-up was not absolute, the strike appears to have been more effective than the employers anticipated. According to the newspaper estimates, about 50,000 workers quit and about 35,000 more were indirectly thrown out of employment. The strikers in Chicago numbered about 30,000 and in Kansas City, the point second in importance as a packing center, about 10,000. Omaha, East St. Louis and St. Joseph followed with about 5,000 each, and smaller centers with a less number. The purpose of the strike was to prevent a reduction in wages, and to secure to common laborers the same right to a trade agreement as is conceded to the skilled workers. The question of the open or closed shop was not involved. Although the closed shop is neither demanded nor conceded, practically all of the skilled workers and the great majority of the unskilled workers in the packing houses are members of the union. The Chicago agreement expired on May 28 last, at which time some of the packers reduced the wages of unskilled workers from 18½ to 17½ cents an hour or less and others evinced a desire to do the same thing. The packers, moreover, while expressing a willingness to renew the arrangements with the skilled workers at the old rates, refused to make any agreement at all with the unskilled workers. They wished to be free to employ this class of labor at the market rate, which they contended was less than they were paying. The skilled workers promptly made the fight of the unskilled men their fight. In doing this they did not pretend to be actuated by altruistic motives. Their argument to themselves was that the existence in the same industry of an unorganized and poorly paid body of unskilled workers would be a continual menace to the welfare of the organized, and better paid, skilled workers. Consequently, after failure to secnre results by negotiation, a strike was declared of all the butcher workmen, not in Chicago alone, but in all the principal packing centers.

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Why the Strike is Universal

Heretofore, the rates of pay have varied in the different cities, and the agreements have expired at different times. Michael Donnelly, International President of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America, has sought to have one agreement for all the packing centers, providing a uniform rate of wages for the same class of work in all places. The strike was made general, partly for that reason, partly because it would not be effective unless it was general, since virtually the same concerns control the principal packing houses of the country. To stop business in Chicago by a strike there, and allow the houses in other places to run would be to invite defeat, because cattle shipments would simply be diverted from Chicago, and the same concern would carry on at one place the business it was prevented from doing at the other. After the strike was declared, but before the men had actually quit work, Mr. J. Ogden Armour, for the packers, wrote a letter to President Donnelly, offering to arbitrate the points in dispute. For some reason the officers of the union (very stupidly, it would appear) seemed to think they could not stop the strike after it had been regularly ordered. The Chicago newspapers very generally criticised the union leaders for allowing the strike to take

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place in the face of the offer to arbitrate, even though that offer was somewhat belated, and demanded that advantage be taken of it after the strike was on. The State Board of Arbitration used its good offices to bring the two sides together, but thus far without success. Although both sides profess to desire arbitration, neither party is willing to accept the conditions of arbitration laid down by the other. And after some negotiations, hopes of a peaceful agreement were, for the present at least, disappointed when on Saturday a conference between representatives of the strikers and the packing-houses failed to agree. It was reported that the point of disagreement was as to whether all strikers should be taken back to work at once at the old wages—those in force before May 28. The employers were only willing to take the men back as they were needed, retaining the men employed since the strike began, and to pay during the arbitration the scale of wages in operation at the time the strike began.

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Consequences of the Strike

Only a few weeks ago the Chicago Packing Trades Council, the representative body of the men now out in Chicago, adopted resolutions deprecating the use of violence in labor controversies. President Donnelly appears to have done everything in his power, in accordance with the spirit of this resolution, to prevent lawlessness. He forbade picketing, and ordered the men to stay away from the packing houses where they had been employed. Considering the number of unskilled workers involved, the strike at this writing has been notable for its comparative absence of violence. The tie-up served to demonstrate the dependence of the country upon the few great packing houses, just as the hard coal strike called attention to the importance of that industry to the every-day life of the people. Before the strike was a day old the price of meat began to rise appreciably in points far removed from the packing centers, and its continuance for a month would mean great hardship, notwithstanding the fact that there is supposed to be in cold storage a supply of meat sufficient to last a month or six weeks. Since the refrigerator car has come into general use the small butcher has almost disappeared. Dressed meat for the cities and even the villages in nearly all parts of the country now comes from the few great packing centers. The principal concerns involved in the strike are Armour & Co., Swift & Co., Nelson Morris & Co., the National Packing Company, Schwarzschild & Sulzberger and the Cudahy Company. These companies dominate the packing industry. Their principal plants are in Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, East St. Louis, St. Joseph and Sioux City, while some killing is done in Fort Worth, New York City, Milwaukee, St. Paul and a few lesser places. A few figures concerning Chicago will show the magnitude of this industry. The receipts of cattle at that market for the year 1903 were 3,432,486 head; of hogs, 7,847,859 head; of sheep, 4,582,760 head. The shipments of dressed beef from Chicago last year were 1,252,233,792 pounds; of lard, 371,000,959 pounds; of barreled pork, 175,795 barrels; of other hog meats, 580,282,643 pounds. If the public is wise, it will lessen its demand for meats for a while, and live on fish, fruits and cereals—a perfectly practicable and perhaps a really advantageous change, at least for the summer months.

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An English View of Mr. Roosevelt

The London "Spectator" in a recent editorial presents an estimate of President Roosevelt from a British point of view; not as a party leader, rather as a public man of a type conspicuously characteristic of English-speaking peoples. In this estimate it characterizes him as "essentially a moderate man—a man who realizes the value of the just mean; a man who, in our political phraseology, takes 'the Whig view.'" Because Mr. Roosevelt has been vigorous and uncompromising, as well as straightforward, in his expressions of opinion, many have concluded that his opinions are those of an extremist. The "Spectator" argues thus:

After all, the moderate view is not necessarily the weak or undecided view. The

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middle is as distinct a point as either end, and there is no reason why it should not be grasped with a grip of iron. It is true that those who adopt moderate views often do so, not so much because they believe in them *per se*, as because they cannot definitely make up their minds, and think that the middle view is the easy view to shift from. Such men, no doubt, take hold weakly and tentatively. This, however, does not prevent the man who chooses the moderate view deliberately, and because he believes in it, holding it as firmly as if he were an extremist. The Whig may be as ready to die at the post he has chosen, if he has chosen it because he believes in it, as the veriest fanatic. It would, then, be the height of misconception to imagine Mr. Roosevelt a man of violence or fanaticism because he expresses himself vigorously and uncompromisingly. Look below his strong words and emphatic decisions, and you will find that his view is essentially a moderate view.

It usually happens that when a nation is viewed by a foreigner only the superficial characteristics are noticed. What is true of a nation is also true of its leaders. But sometimes, as when American life and government were viewed by De Tocqueville, Von Holst, and Bryce, who looked far enough and deep enough to discover the spirit behind the form, the Nation has found its best critics in other lands. So in this instance, we believe, a National leader has been well estimated from a distance. The temperament of the American President has never been more keenly perceived and more clearly described than in this English journal.

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Mr. Bryan's Position

Mr. William J. Bryan has issued a statement in which he declares his purpose to vote for Parker and Davis for the following reasons:

First—Because the Democratic ticket stands for opposition to imperialism, while the Republican ticket stands for an imperialistic policy. . . . Second—Mr. Roosevelt is injecting the race question into American politics, and this issue, if it becomes national, will make it impossible to consider economic questions that demand solution. . . . Third—Mr. Roosevelt stands for the spirit of war. . . . The Democratic ticket stands for peace, for reason, and for arbitration rather than for force, conquest, and bluster. Fourth—The Democratic platform declares in favor of the reduction of the standing army, and, as this plank was unanimously adopted, there is reason to believe that a Democratic success on this subject would bring some advantage to the people.

But on economic questions Mr. Bryan has no hope for the Democratic party so long as it is controlled by the Wall Street element, and "on the money question Mr. Parker is as thoroughly converted to the side of the financiers as Mr. Roosevelt." Mr. Bryan regards the Democratic platform as very much better on the trust question than the Republican platform, "but the nomination of Judge Parker virtually nullifies the anti-trust platform." He waits to hear from Judge Parker on the labor and the tariff questions. He naturally expresses no admiration for Judge Parker's course in sending the gold telegram to the Convention:

If he had sent to the Albany convention the telegram that he sent to the St. Louis convention, he would have had very few instructed delegates from the South, and no possible chance for the nomination. But he and his managers adroitly and purposely concealed his position until the delegates had been corralled and the nomination assured. Then his friends attempted to secure a gold plank, which was overwhelmingly defeated in the committee. After the party had rejoiced over the harmony secured by the omission of the question, and after he had secured the nomination, he injected his views upon the subject at a time when he could not be taken from the ticket without great demoralization. The nomination was secured, therefore, by crooked and indefensible methods, but the Democrat who loves his country has to make his decisions upon conditions as he finds them, not upon conditions as he would like to have them.

Mr. Bryan adds to this proclamation a notice that after the election he intends to organize a campaign for 1908 for a radical and comprehensive policy within the Democratic party against "the plutocratic element that controls the Republican party and, for the time being, the Democratic party." On the whole, this statement does not indicate that Judge Parker will receive a very cordial support from the Bryan Democracy, but neither does it indicate any active opposition from that quarter. It rather indicates that the Bryan Democrats who put great value on "regularity" will vote for the Democratic ticket because it is "regular," while those who do not care for "regularity" will follow their personal predilections.

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The Minor Parties

Each of the smaller National parties now has its Presidential ticket in the field. We have already noted the nominees and platform of the Prohibitionists. The first organization to nominate candidates for the pending campaign was the Socialist Party, known in New York, and in one or two other States as the Social Democrats. In the National Convention of this party, held at Chicago on the first of May last, almost every State in the Union was represented. A platform was adopted which included practically all of the "immediate demands" for legislation toward which a considerable element among American Socialists has of late been decidedly lukewarm. The initiative, referendum, proportional representation, equal suffrage of men and women, and municipal home rule are some of the reforms sought, while public ownership, the income tax, old-age pensions, and workingmen's insurance are as distinctly "demanded" in this platform as in any similar declaration of the English or Australian labor parties. Eugene V. Debs, who was the party's standard-bearer four years ago, was again nominated for President, and Benjamin Hanford, of New York, for Vice-President. Both the nominees are effective speakers. The other wing of the American political Socialists, the Socialist Labor Party, held a convention in New York City during the first week of the present month, and contented itself with a savage attack on the American Federation of Labor as a "job-trust," and a "demand" for the "unconditional surrender of the capitalistic class." The Convention named Charles H. Corregan, of New York, for President, and William W. Cox, of Illinois, for Vice-President. There is some basis for the expectation of the Socialists that each of their two National organizations will poll a very much larger vote this year than ever before. Four years ago nearly one hundred thousand votes were cast for Debs, while Malloney, the Socialist Labor candidate for President, received about 35,000. In the State and Congressional elections of 1902 the Socialist (Social Democratic or Debs) vote ran up to 229,762, and the vote of the Socialist Labor Party to 53,763, making a total of 283,525. In the present campaign the leaders of both wings are counting on attracting many Democrats who voted for Bryan in 1896 and 1900, but will not vote for a Conservative Democrat like Judge Parker. The "Middle-of-the-road" Populists are also looking for some of that Bryan vote. Their national convention met at Springfield, Illinois, on July 4, and nominated Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, for President, and Thomas H. Tribbles, of Nebraska, for Vice-President. Mr. Watson is well enough known, from his participation in the campaign of 1896, to be his own platform. The resolutions adopted by the Convention consisted chiefly of reaffirmations of the party's former utterances, with positive declarations for the eight-hour day in factories, workshops, and mines; for the abolition of child labor and sweat-shops; for the exclusion of foreign pauper labor; and for the adoption of the initiative, referendum, and proportional representation. The only money plank of the platform is a demand that the issuance of notes be taken from the National banks, and that all money of whatever kind, be legal tender for all debts, public and private. The Populist Party in 1900 cast 50,000 votes for Wharton Barker, its Presidential candidate.

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Samuel M. Jones

There is no disrespect in speaking of the Mayor of Toledo, who died last week, as "Golden Rule Jones," because the nickname meant a great deal and was always acceptable to the unconventional, big-hearted man, who was so called by thousands who had practical experience of his desire to carry out the precept that was hung as a motto in his office and exemplified in Golden Rule Hall and Golden Rule Park. It was exemplified also in Mr. Jones's own business when he established an eight-hour system with an increase of wages, a "minimum-wage" system, profit-sharing, and an extra distribution of profits at Christmas. One need not hold that all his economic beliefs were correct nor that his political actions were always consistent, to appreciate his spirit and his

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sincerity. He was three times elected mayor of Toledo—the first term as a Republican compromise candidate, the second and third terms as a non-partisan strenuously opposed by newspapers (in his last campaign the papers adopted the plan of keeping absolutely silent about his candidacy), while the corporate interests were naturally hostile, and most of the churches opposed him on the ground that he had not closed the saloons. Yet on his first re-election he received more than twice as many votes as his two opponents polled together. Mayor Jones's political-municipal platform was thus announced by himself:

> Equal opportunities for all and special privileges to none.
>
> Public ownership of all public utilities.
>
> No grant of new nor extension of existing franchises.
>
> The abolition of the private-contract system of doing city work.

An animated account of his campaign methods was given some years ago by Dr. Washington Gladden in The Outlook. We quote a few sentences:

> Democracy, as he understood it, rests on Christ's law of love, and this is what he preached up and down the streets of Toledo, in season and out of season. It must have been rather a bewildering moment to the average politician when Mayor Jones stepped upon the platform at the last meeting before the election, in the great armory packed with voters, amid a tumult of applause and cries of "What's the matter with the Golden Rule?" "What's the matter with brotherhood?" It was a notable speech that followed. Mayor Jones declared that he had sought to discharge the duties of his office in such a way as to bring the blessings of good government to all the people. He spoke rather sadly of the opposition of some whose friendship he might have reckoned on. "It is not pleasant," he said, "to be counted among the disreputable, to be classed as a 'demagogue' and a 'dangerous man;' but there is comfort in the reflection that men at whose feet I would count it an honor to sit have been called demagogues."

❀

Paul Kruger The active life of Paul Kruger may be said to have covered seventy years, for although he was a little less than seventy-nine years old when he died in Switzerland last week, he could well remember the beginning of the Great Trek across the Vaal in 1833, and six years later he drove his father's wagons in that long journey, and fought bravely with his mother in the laager of wagons against a savage native attack, planned to destroy the camp when the men were away. The education given in those days by a Dutch farmer, like Paul's father, to his boy has been described as "to read the Bible, to shoot, and to drive oxen." The many stories of Kruger's younger days deal with his prowess as a hunter, his nerve (as when he cut off his injured thumb with his pocket-knife) and, later, his courage in fighting and shrewdness in convincing or outwitting the Kaffirs. It is easy to trace in this early personal history the growth of the singular union of admirable and regrettable qualities so salient in his later career. Rugged and stalwart as a Puritan in faith and action, he had not the Puritan's intellectual grasp of religious doctrine nor the Puritan's conscientiousness in making deed fit purpose morally. Mr. Kruger, like most of his fellow Boers, was instinctive in his devotion to independence, individual and national. His distrust and hatred of foreign new-comers, after the gold discoveries, was perfectly reasonable from the point of view of one who would keep his people a separate, simple, agricultural folk, and cared nothing for the expansion of South Africa as part of the world's progress. With this narrow vision he often subordinated to the end in view questions of justice and morality. It has been charged, too, that he profited personally by extortions of unfair taxes and fines upon the unwelcome "outlanders," and even his friends admit that he was not always sensitively honorable in transactions which did not involve the Boer ideal of independence. Four times elected President of the Transvaal Republic, he showed rare sagacity in preparing for a war he believed to be inevitable, and in concealing from British statesmen, untaught by Majuba Hill and the Jameson fiasco, his real strength. When he threatened that if his terms were refused a war would ensue that would make the world shudder, it was taken as a bit of bombast, but the nearly three years' struggle that followed did not fall far short of fulfilling his prediction, and

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English papers, which then laughed at him, since his death have said—to quote three of many—that "he was a great man," "a great figure on the world's stage," "heroic in his stubborn conservatism." To these tributes from former enemies may be added the terse characterization of a writer in the New York "Sun." "In his rude force, his craft, his fanaticism, his passionate assertion of the rights of a class, his intolerance, in a certain savage solitariness of disposition, even in his avarice, Paul Kruger suggested some English Commonwealth's man."

❀

The Centenary of Hamilton's Death

The centenary of Alexander Hamilton's death was observed on July 12 in New York City, with which, more than any other city, is associated his name. The celebration made much less stir than the annual police parade. The services at Trinity churchyard, where Hamilton's body lies, were almost impromptu, and the commemorative exercises on the site of Hamilton Grange, which was his home, made scarcely enough impression to be recorded as an occurrence of the day. Americans, New Yorkers, at any rate, are little concerned with what happened a hundred years ago. Yet the political conflict in which Hamilton took so conspicuous a part is continuing today, and is especially marked in the Presidential campaign now under way. In his speech in 1788, on the expediency of adopting the Federal Constitution, Hamilton expressed in a phrase the principle which, as a political leader he embodied: the "principle of strength and stability in the organization of our government, and vigor in its operations." His successful advocacy of the assumption of the State debts by the Federal Government upon the adoption of a Federal Constitution, was a first step in that financial control by the central government which has ended in a National currency; his organization of a National bank prepared the way for the eventual creation of our present National banking system; and the tariff which he proposed and which Congress adopted, had for its avowed object to create "one great American system, superior to the control of trans-Atlantic force or influence, and able to dictate the connection between the old world and the new world." These three principles—a National currency, a National banking system, and a National protective tariff, as well as this fundamental principle underlying all three, "Strength and stability in the organization of our government"—the Republican party has inherited from Alexander Hamilton; and it is a curious illustration of what the whirligig of time can accomplish, that the journal which Hamilton founded, the New York "Evening Post," has become the embodiment of the Everlasting Nay to this constructive principle of Federal power. So far as it advocates anything, it advocates an extreme individualism, which Alexander Hamilton regarded as destructive of free institutions.

❀

A Singular Agreement

A unique and, we venture to say, an unparalleled agreement has been entered into between more than forty of the liquor-dealers of Scranton and Dunmore, Pennsylvania, on the one hand, and the Scranton Municipal League on the other, by the terms of which the former have agreed to pay the costs of prosecuting themselves, and to place a fund of $5,000 in the hands of the League to prosecute either the contributors or such other offenders as may be guilty of violating the liquor laws of the State during the next three years. This truly remarkable agreement is the outcome of a vigorous campaign begun some weeks ago by the Municipal League to secure evidence as to the violation of the liquor laws. Proceedings were brought to have forty-two licenses revoked, and then the Pennsylvania Central Brewing Company, which supplies most of the beer to the attacked saloons, stepped in and secured the agreement mentioned, which is conditioned upon the decision to revoke being withdrawn. Another interesting feature of the understanding is that Agent Wilson, of the League, and his representatives are to have the unrestricted right to examine the premises of the saloon-

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keepers at any time he may desire. This is not the first notable achievement of the Scranton Municipal League. Gambling has been driven into secret haunts, upwards of $20,000 of gambling implements having been seized and destroyed, and the keepers of the resorts punished. Three years ago eleven Councilmen were at one time compelled to resign, return part of their illegal fees, and to pledge themselves to keep out of politics for five years. The jury system was under the control of the evil-doers, and this has changed and convictions are now the rule, rather than the exception, as they were formerly. A Councilman is now under sentence and another official indicted.

❀

Another Russian Repulse: International Naval Questions

A Russian force under General Keller was on Sunday last defeated and driven back at the Motien Pass, with an admitted loss of over a thousand, which will in all probability be increased by later reports. The Russians assert that General Keller's object was not to recapture the Pass, which lies some thirty miles southeast of Liaoyang, but to ascertain the Japanese strength. But the fact that the fighting lasted fifteen hours makes this doubtful. The Japanese losses are not yet reported.——Important international questions are raised by the act of the Russian vessel Smolensk in stopping a German steamship in the Red Sea and taking from it mail for Japan. The Smolensk passed out from the Black Sea as a merchant ship (the treaty of Paris forbids war vessels to enter or leave the Black Sea without the consent of the Powers); but a very few days after is found committing an act proper only for a war vessel, while Germany may also claim that to remove mail from a regular mail steamship is not proper war usage, even if the search for contraband goods be admissible. An English vessel has also been stopped by the Smolensk, and German and English foreign offices will doubtless at once call Russia to account diplomatically, and question the status of Russian ships which one day are merchantmen, the next day war vessels. Meanwhile, Russia has taken one step further, in sending out from the Black Sea the gunboat, or as Russia calls it, station boat, Chernomoretz. This vessel may not have its guns mounted, but it is really a small war-ship.

❀

A Bad Blunder

The Republican National Convention perpetrated a great blunder when it inserted in its platform the following paragraph:

> We favor such Congressional action as shall determine whether by special discriminations the elective franchise in any State has been unconstitutionally limited, and if such is the case, we demand that representation in Congress and in the electoral college shall be proportionally reduced, as directed by the Constitution of the United States.

This paragraph is a blunder from three points of view:

I. It requires no Congressional investigation to ascertain whether the elective franchise in any State has been unconstitutionally limited. The only limitations recently put upon the elective franchise are those involved in the Constitutional amendments adopted by six of the Southern States—namely, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia. The framers of this platform know, or ought to know, exactly what those changes are. Presumptively they had some opinion on the question whether those changes are in violation of the Constitution of the United States or not. If they had such an opinion, they should have declared it; if they had no opinion, they should have kept silence on the whole subject until they had an opinion. To demand a remedy for a hypothetical wrong, without knowing whether any such wrong has been perpetrated, is a blunder. It would be a blunder for an individual to make such a demand; it is a far greater blunder for a great party to make such a demand.

II. Political expediency might excuse, if it did not justify, stating a supposititious wrong for the purpose of presenting a possible remedy; but this paragraph is politically inexpedient. Political expediency requires that the Republican party endeavor to win support in the Southern States. Under the wise policy

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of President McKinley, it was winning support in the Southern States. Upon the real, vital issues of to-day there are large masses of men in the Southern States who would naturally belong with the Republican party; men who believe in a permanent protective tariff, the regulation of trusts by the Federal Government, the building of the Panama Canal, the diplomacy which has made that building possible, the policy which has given to us the friendship of Cuba, and the present maintenance of our sovereignty over Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines. Only one consideration prevents these men from organizing in their several States and co-operating to secure the election of Republican representatives in the Electoral College and Republican representatives in the National Congress. That one consideration is the race problem. Political expediency called on the Republican party to put no more emphasis on the race problem than considerations of humanity and justice absolutely require; and it is absurd to say that considerations of justice and humanity required the Convention to propound a remedy for a hypothetical wrong. It called upon the Republican party, unless considerations of humanity and justice forbade, to take such political action in its National Convention as would make it possible for its natural allies in the South to co-operate with it in the approaching Presidential election; and it is absurd to say that justice and humanity required it to suppose an evil might exist in order to propose a remedy for such evil if it does exist.

III. This paragraph in the Republican platform is as inconsistent with sound statesmanship as it is with political expediency. The object of a statesman after a civil war should be to heal the wounds which war has made and bring the two warring sections together in National amity. The object of statesmanship, where two races co-exist in the same community, with some degree of hauteur, if not contempt, on the one side, and some degree of jealousy, if not hate, upon the other, should be to remove the causes of hostility between both the races and the sections, and employ every practical means for bringing about an era of good feeling. The framers of this paragraph in the Republican platform have done what little they can to set section against section and race against race. It is not easy to conceive of anything better calculated to arouse political hostility in the South to the Republican party than the suggestion that the Republican party will reduce the political power of the South in Congress and in the Electoral College if it has the opportunity. It is not easy to conceive any action better calculated to excite ill will between the black race and the white race in the South than the suggestion to the black race that perhaps they have been wronged by the action of the white race, and the suggestion to the white race that if that supposititious wrong has been perpetrated, the white race shall be politically punished for it by National action proceeding from the North.

There are certain fundamental principles upon which leading men, alike in the North and in the South, alike in the black race and in the white race, are agreed. The first duty of the statesman is to ascertain what these principles are and to enunciate them clearly and forcibly. The duty of Republican statesmen to render this service to the country is emphasized by the fact that, first the Civil War, next the Reconstruction period, and third the attempt to enact a "force bill," have created a widespead impression in the South that the Republican party is suspicious of Southern virtue and hostile to Southern interests. Statesmanship and political expediency combine to require Republican leaders to take advantage of every opportunity to assure the South that this is a mistaken impression, that the Republican party is not suspicious of Southern virtue nor hostile to Southern interests. This it would have been perfectly easy to do by asserting the principles upon which all level-headed men, North and South, black and white, are agreed. They are such as these: That no form of servile labor can be allowed in the Nation; that all men, whatever their race or color, are entitled to equal standing before the laws of the land

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and to equal protection under those laws to life and property; that education should be universal, and as far as possible provided by the State—that, in the words of Dr. Curry, "Ignorance is a cure for nothing;" that the qualifications for suffrage are to be determined by the State, subject only to the condition that the right to vote "shall not be denied or abridged on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude;" and that, as long as this provision of the Constitution is respected, no State should be denied the right to fix for itself the conditions of suffrage within its borders.

There are, it is true, some questions growing out of these principles and connected with them on which there is no such unanimity. What, for example, should be the education provided for the negro race? On this men are not agreed. But the disagreement is neither racial nor sectional. The educational work of Booker T. Washington has no warmer indorsers in the North than in the South, and no keener critics from the white race than from some members of the black race. So, again, should suffrage be universal, or should it be limited, and, if limited, should the qualifications for the suffrage be property or educational, or both? Upon these questions the divisions are neither sectional nor racial. There is an educational qualification in Massachusetts as well as in Mississippi, and there are influential and leading negroes who are as much in favor of the disfranchisement of the ignorant and shiftless of their own race as are any of their white neighbors. It is morally certain that on neither of these questions—What should be the education of the negro? What should be the conditions of suffrage?—could agreement have been secured in the National Republican Convention or even in the committee on the platform.

The Republican managers have, for reasons which we do not understand, thrown away a great opportunity. They should have recognized those fundamental principles upon which the best men of both races and both sections are agreed. They should then have sent into the Southern States some of their ablest orators to explain, expound, and enforce these principles. They might not have succeeded in breaking up the Solid South at this election, but at least they would not have done what they could to make it more solid, and they might have laid the foundations of party organizations in the Southern States, and done something to heal the breach between the sections and between the races.

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Count Tolstoy and the War

When a man is thoroughly angry, it is not reasonable to demand that he be coherent. Count Leo Tolstoy's letter to the London "Times" on the Russian-Japanese War is a cage of wild emotions in an uproar; it is a soul on fire in the winter of a discontent; it is blazing and frigid by turns; now it is wrathful, then it is piteous, again contemptuous and yet, in anger, compassion, or disdain, it is hopeful. Surely Count Tolstoy never was more intensely human than in this demand, this plea, this hopeless, hopeful exhortation that his fellow-men act, not like men at all, but like angels.

To put into the brief compass of an article like this the substance of the letter would be like turning the waters of a mountain torrent into a quiet lake. Count Tolstoy cites the attempt to reconcile the war with the calling of the Hague Peace Conference as a sign indicating "to what extent, among men of our time, the means for the transmission of thought—speech—is distorted, and how the capacity for clear, rational thinking is completely lost" because of the passion for war. And yet, in his own letter, which, being an anti-military discussion, he admits "can as little contribute to the cessation of war as the most eloquent and persuasive considerations addressed to fighting dogs," there is little evidence of "clear, rational thinking." Its merits are those of the emotional, not the intellectual, nature. Against the "cruelty, futility, and senselessness of war," he cries out with a rushing stream of words that are the

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more impressive because they dash against one another without order:

Stupefied by prayers, sermons, exhortations, by processions, pictures, and newspapers, the cannon's flesh, hundreds of thousands of men, uniformly dressed, carrying divers deadly weapons, leaving their parents, wives, children, with hearts of agony, but with artificial sprightliness, go where they, risking their own lives, will commit the most dreadful act of killing men whom they do not know and who have done them no harm.

With the military leaders he has no patience. Thus he expresses his contempt:

Again coarse and servile slaves of slaves, dressed up in various dazzling attires—varieties of Generals wishing to distinguish themselves, or to do a bad turn to each other, or to earn the right to add one more little star, fingle-fangle, or scrap of ribbon to their idiotic, glaring get-up, or else from stupidity or carelessness—again these miserable, worthless men have destroyed, amid dreadful sufferings, thousands of those honorable, kind, hard-working laborers who feed them.

The religion that permits such a state of affairs is not, to his mind, a religion at all:

On the other hand, it is necessary that those who consciously or unconsciously preach crude superstitions under the guise of Christianity should understand that all these dogmas, sacraments, and rites which they support and preach are not only, as they think, harmless, but are in the highest degree pernicious, concealing from men that central religious truth which is expressed in the fulfillment of God's will, in the service of men, and that the rule of acting towards others as one would wish others to act towards one's self is not one of the prescriptions of the Christian religion, but is the whole of practical religion, as indeed is stated in the Gospels.

What should be the immediate step toward the right? The answer, he says, is clear: It is the expulsion from each individual of the spirit of war, and the possession of each individual by the spirit of peace.

Whether thousands of Russians or Japanese be killed—whether not only Port Arthur be taken, but St. Petersburg and Moscow—I cannot act otherwise than as God demands of me, and therefore I as a man can neither, directly nor indirectly, neither by directing, nor by helping, nor by inciting to it, participate in war; I cannot, I do not wish to, and I will not.

As to other measures for bringing about permanently a condition of peace, Count Tolstoy would away with them. A universal empire or republic is impossible. International tribunals are not really desired. Propaganda of one kind and another are senseless. Science consists of "futile mental exercises," and can do no good. The only cure is this:

So that, however strange this may appear, the most effective and certain deliverance of men from all the calamities which they inflict upon themselves and from the most dreadful of all—war—is attainable, not by any external general measures, but merely by that simple appeal to the consciousness of each separate man which, one thousand nine hundred years ago, was proposed by Jesus—that every man bethink himself, and ask himself, who is he, why he lives, and what he should and should not do.

The most obvious defect of Count Tolstoy's letter is, that the very belligerent spirit which he denounces not only as wrong but as "artificial" is the spirit that has possessed him in his writing. It is true that he does not use gun and sword; but it is not gun and sword to which he fundamentally objects; it is rather to that spirit which leads men to use gun and sword; and this spirit is the spirit of Count Leo—the lion that is roaring for peace. But this after all is a surface defect. The real defect is deeper.

The cure for social wrong cannot be purely individualistic. It is true that Jesus' appeal was to each man to love his neighbor; but it is also true that Jesus—long before his own disciples were loving each other as themselves, long, long before any of them loved the others as their Master loved them—declared "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand; the Kingdom of Heaven is among you." He was not only concerned to bring a moral power to individuals; he was intent on a right social order. Count Tolstoy would wait for the Kingdom of Heaven until every last man in the world loses all inclination to evil. Jesus was willing to say that some of his disciples should not see death before that kingdom, for which his people had long been looking, should be established. And Jesus was not loth to use force. When others were suffering from the cupidity of mercenary men he wielded the whip of small cords.

With Count Tolstoy's conviction that

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only by the prevalence of true religion can there come cure for social wrongs we express our hearty agreement; but religion, at least the religion of Christ, is something more than the appeal to the individual soul. Much as we respect the Dokhobors, we cannot expect from them that which Count Tolstoy expects. Rather it is from those who, ignoring affronts offered to themselves, are ready for the sake of household or for neighbor, for friend or for enemy even, to die fighting oppression and cowardice and all evil. Such men can find their arms strengthened by him who drove the traders from the temple.

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Who Shall Regulate Immigration?

Whether the present steamship rates are soon to be raised to their former level, as reports seem to indicate, and the present war between the steamship companies is soon to be succeeded by a truce, or not, the experience of the past few weeks has been enough to show that the quality, if not amount, of immigration may be determined by other interests than those of the people of the United States. The present law in regard to immigration is designed to protect the people of the United States against the diseases, the ignorance, the low morality, the pauperism, the low standards of living, and the cheap labor which would follow an unregulated flood of immigrants into this country. If it is neither wise nor right to protect the American people in this way, the decision to that effect ought to be made by the people, who are subject to the danger, not by the steamship company, whose only interest in the matter is to carry passengers. At present, however, these companies, by reducing their steerage rates, have succeeded in bringing to these shores many aliens of the sort which the people have decided, through the action of Congress, are undesirable. If immigration is to be regulated at all, it ought to be so regulated as to make the will of the people, not the will of the steamship companies, supreme.

The opinion is occasionally expressed that there should be no artificial barrier to immigration. Why should not immigration be left subject to natural law? If there is demand for the labor of the Italian, the Jew, the Pole, it ought to be supplied; and if there is no demand, the Italian, the Jew, the Pole will not come. Why, then, should any attempt be made to regulate immigration by a law that is artificial?

The answer is plain. All our civilization is in this sense artificial. Natural law would leave to the strongest and, in one meaning of the term, the most efficient, the possession of the land. Wherever a man might settle he could stay until a stronger ousted him; but artificial law interferes and says in effect, No, even if you are weak and inefficient, so long as you comply with certain artificial regulations you are entitled to what you possess. It is on artificial law that civilized society is based. In particular, here in the United States society has erected a barrier against the products of other nations. Under this American system of protection an artificial condition is created which intensifies the force drawing the people of other countries to these shores. Were protection, however, to be abandoned to-morrow, there would still remain in the Constitution of the United States an artificial barrier against traditional forms of oppression. Free popular government created by this Constitution itself supplies a condition which artificially intensifies the force drawing the people of other countries to these shores. When it is asked why we should not leave immigration to be regulated by natural law, a single reply is sufficient: We cannot. Our civilization, our progress, our liberties, depend upon artificial laws; the only right, wise, and expedient procedure is to make laws that are expedient, wise, and right.

Certainly, it is neither wise nor right, it is not expedient, even if we thought it wise and right, to repel immigrants in so far as they are simply seeking freedom, and the chance to use and develop their own powers. We need not argue that. But those who are coming simply to increase the popula-

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tion of our hospitals, prisons, and poorhouses, or, what is worse, to spread among the American people the disease, crime, and incompetence which hospitals, prisons, and poorhouses are designed to check, neither principles of wisdom and justice nor any arguments of expediency make it incumbent upon the United States to welcome. Between these two general classes of immigrants the people of the United States have the right to discriminate. It is no violation of the American tradition to determine by law under which general class any particular immigrant belongs.

At present the process of discrimination hardly begins until the immigrants reach this side of the Atlantic. Shipload after shipload of them are landed at Ellis Island in New York Harbor. There they file past the medical officers, who can give only a superficial examination, with the principal object of setting to one side those having symptoms of debility, some disease of the eye or the skin, or other obvious physical defect; then, one after another, they present themselves before the inspectors, who examine their certificates and pass upon their eligibility other than physical. With improvements in the qualities of service, the methods of administration, and the quarters, the process of examination has become and can yet further become more thorough. It is true that a steamship company is subject to fine if it brings here an alien with a loathsome disease discoverable before the time of his departure from the other side of the ocean; it is true, also, that every steamship is required to produce with every immigrant a manifest stating in detail the immigrant's eligibility. Nevertheless, the steamship companies take large chances of being discovered, as is indicated by fines amounting to $7,500 which they were required to pay during the single month of June, 1903.

For the year ending June 30, 1903, nearly three-quarters of the immigrants who reached America landed at the port of New York. To wait until this mass of people are concentrated in one place before they are examined is to invite evasion of the law. It also involves exposing healthy immigrants to contagion from the diseased passengers whom the steamship companies decide have a chance in the crowd at New York to elude the vigilance of the medical officers. This is fair neither to the people of America nor to the desirable immigrants themselves.

Two measures to meet this condition are worth serious consideration. One of these, suggested by Mr. Oakley, of Wilmington, Delaware, in a letter to a New York daily paper, would bring pressure upon the steamship companies to exercise greater care in accepting steerage passengers; the other, advocated by Mr. F. P. Sargent, Commissioner-General of Immigration, would deprive the steamship companies of the power which they now abuse in examining emigrants at ports of departure.

Mr. Oakley calls attention to the fact that vessels which are allowed to clear the port of New York with only a limited number of passengers frequently bring to New York more than twice that number. Though he is moved to write because of the danger to four thousand passengers on a boat equipped with life-saving apparatus for only fifteen hundred, he recognizes also the bearing this has on immigration. "Why not quarantine," he asks, "against overcrowding as well as against cholera and typhus?" If a steamship company were required to pay a considerable fine for each passenger brought to an American port in excess of the number permitted, it would not only be prevented from lowering its rates to the point lately reached, but would be forced to exercise greater care in seeing that no passenger would have to be carried back at its expense because of ineligibility. The result would be that the steamship companies would find their interests more nearly identical with the United States Bureau of Immigration, and would be more ready to co-operate with the officials of the Government.

Commissioner-General Sargent, in his report last year, recommended that "provisions should be made for the detail of competent medical officers, representing the Government for service at foreign ports, to examine aliens prior to embarkation for the United States." He points

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out that such provisions would replace examiners, now subject to bias because employed by the transportation companies, with officials under no temptation to swerve from strict impartiality, would obviate the risk of subjecting healthy aliens to disease and of thus indirectly introducing diseases into this country while still in an obscure stage, would prevent the distress incident to the deportation of diseased aliens, and would protect the transportation companies themselves by putting the responsibility, where we believe it belongs, on the United States Government. We would add that such provisions would make possible a more deliberate and therefore more careful and searching physical examination. The statistics of the Bureau of Immigration clearly show, for instance, that the number of aliens landing in New York who are discovered with those dangerous and baffling diseases originating in immoral practices are very small in comparison with the number which might normally be expected. Such diseases are not discoverable ordinarily by the sort of superficial examination that is inevitable at Ellis Island, where the immigration from all the ports of Europe is practically concentrated. If cases of these diseases and others like them, some of them more serious than trachoma and favus which receive most of the attention now, are to be discovered and excluded, a system of suitably rigorous examination at ports of embarkation must be instituted. In somewhat different degree the same causes make a general examination as to character, ability for self-support, and the like advisable at such ports.

It is not our purpose to indicate how such measures should be carried out in detail. That belongs to expert authorities whose specific function it is to devise and execute administrative measures. We cite these two proposals as illustrations of the general principle that both authority and responsibility for the regulation of immigration belong, not to the transportation companies, but to the Nation. If public opinion is aroused to the adoption of this principle, Congress will make the necessary law to put it in force.

Letters to a Minister

The Christian Priest—I.

Ministers of the Old Testament time were in two classes—priests and prophets. The function of the priest was to conduct public worship; of the prophet, to furnish religious instruction. It is true that these two functions intermingle. Public worship has for its purpose the expression of a religious life which already exists; public instruction has for its purpose the expression and impartation of such life. Yet it is true that by the expression of life we promote and inspire it; so, in a sense, the sermon partakes of worship, and worship partakes of instruction. But, speaking broadly, these two functions may be, and in point of fact are, differentiated.

Sometimes public worship is without any public instruction. In most of the cathedrals of Spain, in many of those of Italy, there are but slight facilities for public instruction. There is no pulpit, there are no seats for a congregation; and, in point of fact, in many of the larger churches in Rome no public instruction is given in the church except during Lent. On the other hand, we may have religious instruction without worship. There is no indication that there was any public worship connected with the Sermon on the Mount. It is certain that there was no public service in connection with Paul's sermon at Athens. There is being held every winter in New York, in Cooper Union, on Sunday evenings, a series of public religious addresses. Jew and Christian, Protestant and Roman Catholic, Churchman and Anarchist, all gather together and fill Cooper Union Hall fairly full. And under these circumstances, those who arrange for these meetings think it is not wise to have any religious services. There is simply a religious lecture. I see no reason, in the nature of the case, why any minister might not maintain just such a distinction; no reason why he might not sometimes have a service without instruction, sometimes instruction without a service.

The expression of our religious life,

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which is personal and individual, is more important than that which is public and common. "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and, having shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee." But it is also very desirable that at times those who have a common religious life should come together and find some common expression for that life. This is public worship. The boy sits down with his father or his mother, and these two talk together confidentially in a room alone, and speak almost in whispers, as if they would not even allow their own ears to hear their own words, and these are the most consecrated of the home hours. But still that home would be very incomplete in which there were not some hours in which all the family gather together, in which they interchange their thought and feeling, and their lives flow in one commingled stream. What these hours of human fellowship in the family are to the home life, the hours of worship are in the church life. They are of vital importance. The minister has no more important function than to inspire, direct, and conduct the worship of a worshiping people. But in non-liturgical churches ministers are in danger of relegating worship to an inferior and subordinate place, and putting the sermon in the foremost place. It is of the minister as a conductor of public worship that I speak in this letter.

Religious worship may be promoted in three ways, or with three instrumentalities. First, by the devotional meeting; second, by the sacraments—the baptism and the Lord's Supper—especially the last; and, thirdly, by the public service in the great congregation. Let us look at these separately.

Every church ought to have some meetings, primarily if not exclusively, for the expression of its devotional life. These may be liturgical or non-liturgical —what we call prayer-meetings—and may be mingled with more or less instruction; but every minister ought to have in his church presumptively at least one meeting every week which shall have for its main object, not the imparting of religious instruction, but the expression of religious life.

We ministers have made a great mistake in measuring meetings by quantity, not by quality. I confess to that mistake myself. In my earlier ministry I measured the spirituality of my church by the size of my prayer-meeting. If I went back into the ministry, I should do this no more. I should not try to get a large prayer-meeting; I should not be discouraged because it was a small prayer-meeting; I should not urge the people to attend the prayer-meeting from a sense of duty; I should not wake up their conscience to compel them to go to the prayer-meeting. I should want to get two or three who would meet together in Christ's name, that he might be in the midst of them; to get those members of my church who had a spiritual life which they wanted to give expression to in common with other members of my church. If there were but three, I would begin with three; if thirty, I would be glad of the thirty. If twenty more should come in who had not spiritual life, and did not want the prayer-meeting, and to whom the prayer-meeting meant nothing, and who came because they thought they ought to come, I should want them to stay away. I should not want the foreign element in a meeting the object of which is not to impart religious life to others but to express religious life by a common devotion.

The difference between the meeting for spiritual expression and the meeting for public instruction is very clearly indicated by the contrasts in the New Testament. The Sermon on the Mount was delivered to four or five thousand people. It is an address for the impartation of religious instruction. The conversation of Christ, in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of John, was an expression of spiritual life to those who were already in sympathy with the Master. All others were excluded. Christ did not begin his conversation with them until the traitor had gone out. The Lord's Prayer gathers up the common wishes of humanity—daily bread, forgiveness of sin, guidance, deliverance from temptation. But when Christ comes to offer his own prayer in the

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innermost circle of his own disciples, he says not a word about daily bread, not a word about forgiveness of sins; he assumes that these men have had their sins forgiven, and they know it. He does not ask that they shall not be led into temptation. The only petition that is both in the Lord's Prayer in Matthew, and the Lord's Prayer in the seventeenth chapter of John, is the petition for deliverance from evil. "I ask, not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst deliver them from the evil one." One is a prayer of Christ with those who are already in fellowship with him, the other voices the common aspirations of universal humanity.

Respecting the Lord's Supper I must speak very briefly. It is first a memorial service. "Do this in remembrance of me," is a request rather than a command. Christ wanted to be remembered. One thing and only one does he ask us to do for himself; he says, Do not forget me. And that you do not forget me, now and again meet together, and take this bread and this wine in memory of me. The one thing that we can do for Christ that is not for the service of some one else is our participation in the Lord's Supper. But the Lord's Supper is something more than a memorial. It is an occasion wherein we may especially feel, if we will, the companionship of our Lord. We do not know a family until we have taken a meal with them; but when you have sat down to the same table with them, in eating together we come into their family life. The Lord's Supper we eat with him, and so enter into fellowship with him. This makes it a Lord's Supper. It is therefore a Eucharist, a thanksgiving. We ought not to meet for the Lord's Supper with streaming eyes and heavy hearts, but for thankfulness and gladness in him. This should be a feast, not a funeral. And it is a Communion, in which we are brought close to one another because we are brought close to him, and the ecclesiastical and theological and philosophical and temperamental differences for a little time disappear. For the same reason that I think our devotional meetings should be so arranged that they may be the gathering only of those who are devout of spirit, the Lord's Supper should be so arranged as to be a private meeting of loyal disciples, as the first Lord's Supper was. This may be done by the early communion of the Episcopal Church or by special celebration in the afternoon, which was the custom in the New England churches in my boyhood, or, if it comes at the close of the morning service, it should be separated from the morning service; there should be an opportunity left for those to withdraw who are not going to partake of the communion. It should be so arranged that the Communion may be a real communion of those who are already attached to Christ and want personal, spiritual, and intimate fellowship with him. If we put our Sermon on the Mount and our fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of John within the same hour, we should certainly leave a little interim between them. L. A.

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Bishop Huntington

Bishop Huntington was a man of profoundly religious nature, in whose temper and work the older spirit of devotion and the newer spirit of social service were fused and harmonized. In an age of action he was as devout as a bishop of the eleventh century; in a period in which many are striving to recall the old meditative life by reproducing its external conditions and costumes he was touching the life of his time with tender sympathy and insight. Dying in the charming old house in which he was born in Old Hadley, in one of the quietest and most beautiful of New England villages, there was an element of repose in Bishop Huntington which no turmoil of the age or change of thought seriously disturbed. He was of a quiet spirit; of a trustful and serene soul. There was no lack of energy in him, for he was an indefatigable worker; there was no lack of intellectual force and freedom in him, for he had passed through marked changes of opinion, and had faced calmly the risks of passing from one group of religious associations to another at a time when such transitions were far more perilous to external

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fortune than they are to-day, and when he had already attained an enviable position.

Born of an ancestry of honor and intelligence, educated in the good old New England fashion at an academy and at Amherst College, Bishop Huntington was the first incumbent of the Plummer professorship in Harvard University; chosen for the weight and poise of his character, the beauty of his spirit, the distinction of his style, and the rare union of eloquence and sound, practical sense in his sermons. He risked much when he became the first rector of Emmanuel Church in Boston; but he was not concerned with the perils but with the opportunities of the new field of his choice. From the very beginning Emmanuel Church became a synonym for wide interests and earnest activities; the fervor, the devoutness, and the organizing ability of the rector bore fruit in a fresh, vital, earnest religious life of the parish. "It was not long," wrote Dr. W. R. Huntington five years ago, "before the bad name for sleepiness, which had clung persistently to the Episcopal church in the Puritan capital, was shaken off forever." When the diocese of Central New York was organized in 1869, Emmanuel Church was called upon to surrender its deeply loved rector to the claims of a larger field; but the parish has never lost the impulse which it received from his wise and whole-souled devotion.

In Syracuse, as in Hadley and Boston, Bishop Huntington was a man of quiet spirit in the heart of brave and tireless activities. He put a new heart into the Onondaga Indians; he, more than any other, broke up the marriage system of the Oneida Community; and, in the great discussion of his time he was both sympathetic and outspoken, unshaken in his faith that in the spirit of Christ alone can the claims of labor and of capital be reconciled and the problems of modern life solved.

In becoming a bishop this devout servant of God and of his fellows put on the responsibilities rather than the dignities of his office. His simplicity was beyond the reach of ecclesiastical ambitions; he wore his robes in token of a more perfect consecration, a larger assumption of care and work. The Episcopal Church has numbered among its eminent chief pastors no more consecrated and faithful shepherd of souls; no man of purer nature or finer intelligence. Amid the shallow ambitions of his time he was the devout guardian of the highest ideals of life; cherishing in his own career and setting forth in his noble and persuasive style the sanctity, the sweetness, and the immortal significance of the spirit. In a period in which material success had almost irresistible allurements he walked as seeing always with undoubted vision the higher aims and the ultimate goals.

He "stood unspoiled and unbedecked," said Bishop Potter on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Bishop Huntington's consecration; "of reverent mien and tender dignity, telling to men everywhere by life and printed page and spoken word that 'the things that are seen are temporal, and the things that are not seen are eternal'. . . . and that they who worship God, who is a spirit, must worship him in spirit and in truth."

It was this deep and abiding faith in God, this clear and constant vision of Christ moving among men, this eagerness to give the whole movement and appearance of life the dignity of its spiritual meaning, which made Bishop Huntington at once so lofty and so accessible, so sympathetic with all men and yet so insistent on the supremacy of the best. His many books all have the stamp of his rare quality of nature and distinction of mind, his ripe culture, his deep-going idealism. In the little group of writers of the meditative temper and devout spirit in this age and country he holds a first place. He never made concession to the demand that religion should be made popular by being made easy and familiar. He would gladly have preached to men at work in their shirt-sleeves, but he would never have invited men to come to church in their shirt-sleeves for the sake of making them comfortable for an hour. He never cheapened religion by labor-saving devices of any kind; a beautiful reverence characterized all his ministrations and gave tone to his long life.

As he loved the best in religion, so he

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loved the best in literature, in art and manners. He was a lifelong student of good writing, a devout reader of great books. He stood pre-eminently for that quality of ripeness which has been characteristic of the great English churchmen; of Keble, Newman, Liddon, Church, Stanley, Maurice.

It was in keeping with Bishop Huntington's long life of eighty-five years that his last public utterance was a prayer at the Commencement exercises of the class of 1904 at Smith College. Bowed with the weight of years, but with much of the old resonance in his voice, his words had the authority of a stainless life behind them; they bore the impress of long familiarity with the best devotional literature; they were nobly simple and inclusive of the widest human interests. A little later, in the shade of the elms which he loved, he said to the writer of these words: "Come and see me soon, at Hadley; I will show you the room in which I do *not* work." In that room he has already found his place, as he found it long ago in the hearts of the many who loved and honored him.

Under the Elms at Hadley[1]

July 14

The splendors of mid-summer flushed the day;
We flung the windows wide;
No gloom should trespass where our Bishop lay,
His dead son by his side;—

But breath of clover, lowing of the kine,
The scent of new-mown grass,
The rustle of faint voices in the vine—
These should unchallenged pass.

Severe his tastes; for rugged worths he stood;
Simple his rites should be;
But grand with all the grandeur of yon flood
That silent seeks the sea.

Calm river, how he loved thee! Hark! the bell
From Hatfield steeple tolls.
Hadley speaks back. Northampton's answering knell
Across her meadow rolls.

For all the neighbors held him half akin.
Scholar and prelate? Yes.
But here, to them, long summers had he been
Plain farmer, too, no less.

Nay, always that;—a master seedsman he;
The furrows knew his tread,
As ever, with a faithful hand and free,
He sowed the children's bread.

Good-bye, illustrious servant of the soil!
God's husbandman, farewell!
Four-score surpassed; accomplished all thy toil;
Attained the asphodel.

W. R. H.

[1] The old farmhouse at Hadley, Massachusetts, on the banks of the Connecticut River, where Bishop Huntington was born, and which he made his summer home until his death, has much traditional interest. Its story, running far back into the 18th century, has been pleasantly told in Miss Arria Huntington's "Under a Colonial Roof-tree," now in its second edition.

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The Spectator

The Spectator wonders how many readers of this column will sympathize with him in a confession—he cannot bring himself to shoot game, and he isn't even quite sure in his mind that he enjoys catching fish.

❀

He remembers leaving a Nova Scotia camp one lovely September morning with a hunter who was to show him the haunts of the caribou. No caribou were to be found at that season (for which the Spectator secretly gave thanks), but it would be a pleasant excursion, and as there might be a chance to shoot something, "Winchesters" were taken along. And it was the first time the Spectator had ever had a "Winchester" under his arm—but he did not let on to the hunter. So they tramped through the cool, sweet woods until they approached a great ring of barren ground, the haunt of the big game. Emerging from the thicket, behold, about a hundred feet in front, a hillock, and behind the hillock a pair of little bright eyes set behind a little pointed nose, and two red ears, pricked up at our approach. "Now, then," said the hunter, "there's your shot—a fox—my gun isn't loaded."

❀

The Spectator's gun *was* loaded, and obviously it was his duty to bring instant death, if possible, to the owner of the bright eyes. He brought his gun to the shoulder—he sighted down the barrel. Bright eyes turned a bushy tail and set off at a lope toward the woods. "Hurry up," said the hunter. "What's the matter with you?" The point of the barrel followed the fox as he trotted along. "Why don't you shoot?" said the hunter. Well, why didn't the Spectator shoot? Simply because there came into his mind just then the stories of foxes that he had told to his children—stories of father foxes and mother foxes, and little ones waiting in their dens for the supper that never came. The bushy tail went loping toward the wood; the gun-barrel moved to cover it; and then the little red fox disappeared in the thicket, and the Spectator, with ill-concealed delight, put down his gun.

And the hunter jumped up and down in wrath.

❀

Once the Spectator, after sitting for three hours in the stern of a launch, caught a twenty-pound "yellowtail." Later in the day he strolled around to the place where it hung up on exhibition, and felt himself swell with pride when the boatman pointed him out as the man who had done the deed. A tremendous deed, when you think of it! To hold a rod over the water, with a long line and a hook at the end, and a little live fish on the hook (the boatman put that fish on). The "yellowtail" comes along, looking for breakfast. All his life he has eaten little fish for breakfast, and down goes this one. A rush and a pull, and the "sport" begins. The "yellowtail" is badly frightened—who wouldn't be frightened to find a string tied to one's breakfast?—and he dashes through the water at top speed. You "play" him, until, in half an hour, his twenty pounds yields to your hundred and sixty; then you pull him in, the boatman impales him with a gaff, and your quarry lies gasping in the boat. "That's a fine fish, sir."

❀

But the Spectator has caught smaller fish and has really enjoyed it—trout in a mountain stream, where you wade up to your middle in the swift, cold water. Yes, there must be a little of the savage in him. If he can enjoy killing a two-pound trout, why not a twenty-pound "yellowtail" or a fox?

❀

The matter is too subtle to settle in this column. The Spectator leaves it to the reader, and wonders how many will stand with him—even to the inconsistency of liking to catch trout.

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The South and the Negro

VI.—Diversities of Burdens

By Ernest Hamlin Abbott

EVERY public question in the South is, or seems to be, complicated by the effort to keep the two races, white and black, distinct. The Southern Race Problem therefore may be said to be a race complication attached to the ordinary problems of a democracy. When once race feeling is confined to the sphere of social intimacy, where it may rationally be defended, conditions in the South are seen to present problems not essentially unlike those that are confronted elsewhere in the United States. This was made clear by what three men in Virginia said to me. One, a native Virginian and a County Attorney, was concerned with the political question, and his word was this: "Here in the South the problem is the same as it is in New York—how can a people be successful in governing themselves?" The second, an old Abolitionist and Union officer, but now a farmer in the "Old Dominion," was concerned with the industrial question, and his word was this: "This is an old country, but it needs pioneers. That's what I tell the negroes; they must be pioneers in an old country." The third, like the first a native Virginian, once a Confederate officer, now the principal of a large school, was concerned with the educational question, and this was his word: "What if schools have failed? Abolish education? No hope there. There are only two roads." The other road leads nowhere.

There are, I am led by my observations to believe, an increasing number of Southerners who have rid themselves of the needless fear of race intermixture. It is such Southerners who understand that the political, industrial, and educational problems of the South are not necessarily to be united under the one head of the Negro Problem, as they are united in the minds of those who yet have this fear. The real problem of the South is a psychological one—how to expunge this fear from Southern communities so that the Race Problem may dissolve into its constituent elements. Indeed, this wholesome process of disintegration has proceeded further than many even of the South suspect. It is already possible to discuss with Southerners the political problem of the South as a purely political problem, the industrial problem as an industrial problem, the educational problem as an educational problem. The same cause that is bringing about this disintegration by banishing from the minds of Southerners the dread of social intimacy is impelling them to bring to the various problems the spirit of social service.

Politics has always had in the South a large share of popular thought. The time and thought elsewhere devoted to books and art, for instance, are there more likely to be consumed in political discussion. Before the war the only industrial question was the relation of slavery to political institutions. Now that the negroes are free, it is natural that the political status of negroes should have a larger share of attention in Southern communities than it would have in communities which have other traditions. If regard for obligations to hospitable hosts and hostesses permitted, I could give instances of the interest in politics evinced by Southern women which would not be easily paralleled in the North. Newspapers, which make politics a part of their stock in trade, furnish, with the denominational weeklies, most of the reading matter in the Southern States. It has therefore been inevitable that, so far as Southern affairs have been discussed throughout the Nation, it has been the political affairs of the South that have predominated. Consequently the status of the negro which has been most emphasized has been the political rather than the indus-

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trial or educational. Not the least service which Dr. Booker Washington has rendered has been that of directing attention to other aspects of negro life which have been neglected. It was a matter of surprise to me to find, both among whites and among blacks, comparatively little real concern about political aspects of the condition of the negroes.

Some Southern white men, of course, were nervously intense and menacing in their insistence on the need of disfranchising all negroes. Such, however, were hostile in their expressions not so much against Northern interference as against the prevailing Southern opinion in favor of allowing negroes the suffrage. One gentleman, who had been a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention, reargued before me the position which, he regretfully acknowledged, that Convention refused to adopt. Another, a lawyer of North Carolina, chaffingly said, "The people of the South have just fooled you in the North. You think that the laws are to let the negro who is intelligent and educated and owns property vote? That isn't it. The people of the South don't want the negro educated—though they are willing he should educate himself." I had already seen, however, in his own town too much evidence of public interest in negro education to take him seriously. He was good enough to overlook my failure to be duly shocked. Generally I found expressions in favor of negro disfranchisement to be either, as in the one case, an outlet for natural disappointment at defeat, or, as in the other case, a playing with the emotions of the hearer. So long as Northerners, and particularly Northern journals, allow themselves to be shocked or teased by such expressions, there will probably be found Southerners ready to add, by indulging in them, dramatic interest to the discussion and get amusement from it.

Among Southerners inclined to speak seriously of the matter, most of those with whom I talked not only avowed that they themselves had no objection to intelligent and thrifty negroes voting, but declared that there was no such general objection. In particular, one stanch believer in the Confederacy, still fond of reminiscently affirming his adherence to the principles of secession, argued emphatically that to make a distinction in the suffrage according to race would be to adopt a revolutionary method. Another specific bit of testimony is worth selecting because it was given under circumstances which made it particularly emphatic. It came unexpectedly while I was sitting in a lawyer's office in a specially conservative town of Virginia. Two clients of the lawyer happened in together. One, I afterward learned, was a Presbyterian elder; the other a Methodist and a member of the school board; both were typical men of the region. The lawyer, who was not the sort of man to hesitate at expressing his own views, had just told me that he thought public opinion thereabouts supported the intelligent and thrifty colored voter. "But," he added, "two men have just come in from out of the town; we'll leave it to them." So, after transacting his business with them, he started the conversation in the direction of the ever-present negro. All three men were frank in saying that they saw little value in the public schools for negroes; but when the lawyer inquired, "Do the people object to a thrifty, decent negro voting?" they were equally frank and ready with their replies: "Not that I hear of," "Not in my country."

So far from "negro disfranchisement" being a fact, at least in Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, I found very few advocates of it in those States. The fact is, there are suffrage requirements in these States which negroes not only can but do meet. It is true that I heard severe criticism of the details of these requirements, but none severer from blacks than from whites. It is also true that I heard much praise of the principle on which these requirements were based, but none stronger from whites than from blacks. In general, the chief criticism was that the laws were not always justly administered; the chief word of approval was that they stimulated the negroes, and, indeed, the whites also, to value the ballot.

The Virginia County Attorney, to

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whom I have already referred, while expressing his belief in the limitation of the suffrage and reporting that the inclination to eliminate the negro vote as such was diminishing, gave it as his opinion that the Constitutional provision would have been better if it had been drawn so as to be self-executing. Thus, for instance, instead of leaving the acceptance of a voter to the decision of the registrars, it might have required the voter to prepare his own ballot. "Nevertheless," he added, "though the law may not always be justly administered, it may work ultimately to the advantage of the negro. A negro politician of note in this county," naming him, "was disfranchised: he was ignorant and so could not qualify under the educational test; and he had kept his property at a low assessment to escape taxes, and so could not qualify under the property test. It was a bitter pill. Now he is in West Virginia earning money, so as to accumulate enough property to enable him to qualify."

On the other hand, one negro after another approved this very provision. An enterprising negro, ambitious for himself and his children, rather shamefacedly acknowledged with a laugh that he had not got assessed enough to qualify as a property-owner, and evidently looked forward to the time when he would be. However, he had been registered as understanding the Constitution. He approved the law. Another negro, educated in the North, and of good standing as a lawyer, after giving instances within his personal knowledge of unjust administration, expressed his approval of it as a measure to correct the abuses of universal suffrage. "I think it is a good thing," he said, "to shut out ignorant voters. It was a terrible thing to put the awful power of the ballot into the hands of ignorant people who knew nothing about it, and who by its use became mercenary. You gave it to thousands who did great damage." The third negro whom I quote requested not to be named in any report of his words. He evidently wished to avoid being classed with negro demagogues. He then gave this estimate of the suffrage limitation: "I think it was one of the best things that ever happened to the negro. It meant, not getting rid of privileges, but getting rid of fool notions of privilege."

These suffrage limitation laws of Southern States are, in fact, less the expression of a race feeling than of a political theory concerning the character of the electorate. In the North there is comparatively little concern that the electorate should have any particular character, good or bad. With the exception of Massachusetts, which in its political ideas is very much like Virginia, as it is like Virginia in its appellation of Commonwealth and in its strong State pride, Northern States seem to assume that a share in the government is to be granted to men on other grounds than fitness for exercising governmental functions. In the South, on the other hand, the old Teutonic idea that government is a tribal affair seems to have prevailed. With the breaking down of the family idea involved in the tribal theory, there yet remains, as strongly as ever, the view that participants in the government should be adequately qualified. To a corrupt electorate no Southern State, in spite of experience that would seem to have been inevitably hardening, has ever become really accustomed. One Southerner, a North Carolinian, who had been a leader in the "Wilmington Revolution," put it this way: "The State had three alternatives—(1) one man one vote, and submit to bad government; (2) begin to cheat, count out, and the like; (3) appeal to force and turn out the bad government." Another Southerner described "counting out" as a peaceable measure of revolution used by men of scrupulous principle for self-protection. Against this grotesque perversion of the moral sense, which led men of high character to do the corrupt thing in order to maintain the purity of the government, the adoption of Constitutional limitations of the suffrage was a protest. These two Southerners, and others like them, whose consciences were as keen as any Puritan's, hold a theory of government which may be different from that prevailing among Northerners, but it is quite as tenable. As they stated it they gave no evidence of being guided at all by race feeling. As the Virginia County Attor-

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ney said, the political question in the South is the same as that in New York—How can a people govern themselves? The Southern States are trying to answer it by limiting the privilege of sharing in that government to those who by their thrift or intelligence give evidence that they are fit to have it.

More important, more pressing, more acute than the political problem of the South, it seemed to me as I journeyed from place to place, from tide-water region to Piedmont belt, from city to country, was the industrial problem. Not that it seemed less important for a people to determine the nature of government than to accumulate property. The industrial problem is something very different from that which I heard a Northern speaker scornfully describe it to be—getting ten acres and a mule. It is, on the one hand, as regards the individual, the establishment of the habits of industry, and, on the other hand, as regards the community, the establishment between those who are engaged in productive pursuits, whether as employers or employed, whether as buyer or seller, of wholesome and friendly relations. The industrial problem, therefore, whether individually or socially considered, is a moral problem. In the South, where such a large element of the population consists of negroes, hosts of them indolent and inefficient, and where the white people hold to traditions of a mastership which they can no longer maintain, the moral aspect of the industrial problem is especially obvious.

Of the conditions of labor as I saw them in the South I have already written. It is enough to say here, on the one hand, that, whether in the tide-water region or in the cotton-fields or on the upland farms, the dearth of good, reliable laborers was a frequent subject of complaint; on the other hand, that in several places, both in the tide-water region and in the interior, I heard of negroes who were leaving home because there was no one to employ them. At any rate, it was clear that employers wanted better work than the negroes would do, and everywhere negroes wanted higher wages than they could get. This labor situation, in a region where there are plenty of negroes to do the work needed, and at a time when there seemed to be plenty of work for negroes to do, was oftener mentioned than any other cause—than even criminal assault and mob reprisals—as occasion for mutual distrust between the races, especially for distrust of the negroes by the whites. Of agricultural labor and the common labor of the seaports the negroes, however, have a practical monopoly. It is true I heard one colored man, a foreman of an estate, say that even there, in a rural community, white men had been displaced by negroes and had expressed their resentment; but this, I think, was somewhat exceptional.

In more skilled employments competition between whites and blacks would seem to be more probable; but, though such competition was frequently foretold, I did not find it existing. In one city, it is true, a white barber spoke as if in his trade he felt that the negro was a competitor to be displaced; but against this one instance I received considerable information as to the amicable relations existing between white and colored artisans. White and colored labor unions are in the South generally organized separately, but they are frequently, if not usually, affiliated. Every industrial school, whether white or colored, that I visited seemed to have no difficulty in finding employment for the young men graduating from it. In the case of one negro school, it is true, the principal told me that the graduates went into rural sections which trades-unions do not reach, and he feared that some time soon his work would have to encounter the opposition of organized labor. The general impression, however, among whites and blacks alike was that the trades-union movement, so far as it has progressed in the South, had not done anything to inject race antagonism into the industrial problem. Indeed, in those cities where negroes were the first to organize, the industrial condition seems to be least complicated by race feeling. Nevertheless, there apparently hung over every place I went the shadow of some industrial disturbance. Like the Day of Judgment in the minds of primitive Christians, so before

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the minds of many interested in the welfare of the negroes there was looming that "some day before long" when white mechanics would begin to drive out negro mechanics. The attitude of mind seemed to be much like that of the old darky I heard talking. It was at a junction. The night was cold and dark. In the little station were another passenger besides myself, and three or four negro hack-drivers warming themselves about a red-hot stove. Two of them got into a jocular but not altogether friendly altercation as to which of them carried the more passengers. The tones became higher and higher, consonants and vowels became an indistinguishable pell-mell of bubbles and drawls, until at last one of the negroes, struck with a great idea, became eloquent in face and attitude: "List'n, now. 'Fo' long, I reck'n, we'll hab 'lectricity; then wha'll yo' 'n' I be? Yo' list'n; this ain't no kitchen talk." In the sudden ensuing silence the thoughtful black faces shone in the red light of the stove. 'Lectricity or labor union—something seems to threaten those negroes who are unprepared for economic independence.

Another field of industry for the negro is domestic service. There are practically no household servants in the South except negroes. In money their wages are much below those received by household servants in the North; but those who have had experience in both sections were agreed in telling me that negro servants in the South were less efficient than either white or negro servants in the North. Moreover, the baskets of food, the clothes, and the incidental gifts supplement the money wages to so large an extent as to be an appreciable part of the remuneration. It is in this occupation that both the pleasant relations between whites and blacks and the irresponsibility toward each other characteristic of slavery days survive. Much of the so-called negro character is rather servant character, both in its virtues and defects. The development of industrious habits and of right relation between employer and employed so largely depends upon individual mistresses that it can only indirectly be affected by deliberate systems of industrial training. The complaint I heard on all sides, that industrial schools did not produce good servants, will probably continue until the mistresses themselves go to school, or until the servant ideal created during slavery is supplanted by another ideal more consistent with self-respect. In no essential particular, however, did I find the "servant question" of the South different from that of the North.

In the meantime, while negro servants are going North, as a colored preacher told me he advised those in his parish to do, in order to show Southern whites how dependent on negro labor they were, while negro artisans are wondering what will happen when labor unions enter the South more generally, and while negro roustabouts lie asleep on wharves which are loaded with goods unmoved for lack of labor, an immense farming region is awaiting development. Yet it is away from this land and into the cities that negroes by thousands are moving. At the same time, the white people are gradually becoming more independent of the negro. The encouragement of immigration into the South was being very actively discussed in various places I visited. With every inflow of foreigners the chances of the negroes to obtain possession of land in the South will be lessened. No opposition to the ownership of land by negroes showed itself in any community I passed through on my trip. I made specially diligent inquiries to elicit expressions of such opposition, and never received one. The most extreme advocate of the suppression of the negro with whom I talked said he would counsel a young negro to accumulate property. I refer to this simply because it shows how free to the negro of the South is the opportunity of becoming an owner of the land.

How open is that opportunity I saw on a trip into Maryland. In the same car in which I traveled were two men with whom I soon fell into conversation.

"Land about here, just a few miles from Washington," said one, "is sold at fifteen dollars an acre. Nobody improves it. The white people are proud and won't work. That so?" The other man nodded. "So they let the

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land out to tenants who don't put anything into it. A man from the West settled down here and he told me that he raised as much on an acre here, that cost fifteen dollars, as he did out West on an acre worth fifty."

Yet I could not find that negroes in that region were buying land and making homes for themselves. They were moving out, the negro presiding elder of that district told me, because they could not get anybody to employ them.

To become pioneers in an old country—that was the way the old Union Colonel described the opportunity of the negroes. He was not a mere theorist. He had bought and developed a piece of land in Virginia himself. At one time and another school-teacher, surveyor, geologist, army officer, farmer, type of those Yankee pioneers whose life forced them to be versatile, he used his education—won at hazard here and there—to establish his home in this sparsely settled region. There, with negroes in his employ, he inculcated thrift, industry, economy, reiterated his principle that "the best is good enough," and not only directed his negro farm hands but also explained to them, in the New England fashion, why things should be done one way rather than another. Though he left this place to retire in quiet in advanced age, the adventurous spirit was too strong, and he returned to old Virginia. Now he is pioneer once more. I visited him for a few days and kept him company as he worked about his fruit trees, his beehives, and his buildings, quoting Whittier as he worked. And since then, as I have passed cabins filled with negroes apparently at a loss to know how they might occupy their time, I have often recalled the Colonel as a type the negroes of the South might well make their pattern. Most of them need not travel long distances to do for the South what the men of New England did for the West. They can stay at home and there become pioneers on an old soil.

The chief industrial problem of the South is, therefore, that of transforming an indolent peasantry accustomed to dependence into an active, independent people. This involves an educational problem. Industrial education is something very different from training a few hundred girls to cook and sew for others; it is something, even, very different from supplying a few hundreds of young men with a trade. Industrial training is this larger undertaking, namely, to train hundreds of thousands of young people in habits of industry, in alertness of mind, and in strength of will that shall enable them to turn to the nearest opportunity for gaining the self-respect that comes with being of use to the community.

But just because the fundamental education needed in the South is industrial education it ought to be other than a mere schooling in a trade. If a right industrial condition requires wholesome habits of industry in the individual and wholesome relations between those engaged in productive pursuits, then industrial education, to be complete, must involve a system including every kind of wholesome education. The educational problem of the South is, therefore, to build up an educational system of which the component parts should be in right relation to the main purpose of creating a coherent social organism suited to the conditions under which it is to exist. That such a purpose must be kept free from fear of race mixture is not only possible—it is absolutely necessary, if the purpose is to have any measure of success. The educational problem, like the political problem and industrial problem of the South, can be clearly thought out only as it is kept distinct from race feeling.

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THE MOUNTAINS[1]

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE FOREST," "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE SILENT PLACES," ETC.

XI.—The Tenderfoot[2]

THE tenderfoot is a queer beast. He makes more trouble than ants at a picnic, more work than a trespassing goat; he never sees anything, knows where anything is, remembers accurately your instructions, follows them if remembered, or is able to handle without awkwardness his large and pathetic hands and feet; he is always lost, always falling off or into things, always in difficulties; his articles of necessity are constantly being burned up or washed away or mislaid; he looks at you beamingly through great innocent eyes in the most chuckle-headed of manners; he exasperates you to within an inch of explosion—and yet you love him.

I am referring now to the real tenderfoot, the fellow who cannot learn, who is incapable ever of adjusting himself to the demands of the wild life. Sometimes a man is merely green, inexperienced. But give him a chance and he soon picks up the game. That is your greenhorn, not your tenderfoot. Down near Monache meadows we came across an individual leading an old pack-mare up the trail. The first thing, he asked us to tell him where he was. We did so. Then we noticed that he carried his gun muzzle-up in his hip-pocket, which seemed to be a nice way to shoot a hole in your hand, but a poor way to make your weapon accessible. He unpacked near us, and promptly turned the mare into a bog-hole because it looked green. Then he stood around the rest of the evening and talked deprecating talk of a garrulous nature.

"Which way did you come?" asked Wes.

The stranger gave us a hazy account of misnamed cañons, by which we gathered that he had come directly over the rough divide below us.

"But if you wanted to get to Monache, why didn't you go around to the eastward through that pass, there, and save yourself all the climb? It must have been pretty rough through there."

"Yes, perhaps so," he hesitated. "Still—I got lots of time—I can take all summer, if I want to—and I'd rather stick to a straight line—then you know where you *are*—if you get off the straight line, you're likely to get lost, you know."

We knew well enough what ailed him, of course. He was a tenderfoot, of the sort that always, to its dying day, unhobbles its horses before putting their halters on. Yet that man for thirty-two years had lived almost constantly in the wild countries. He had traveled more miles with a pack-train than we shall ever dream of traveling, and hardly could we mention a famous camp of the last quarter-century that he had not blundered into. Moreover, he proved by the indirections of his misinformation that he had really been there and was not making ghost stories in order to impress us. Yet, if the Lord spares him thirty-two years more, at the end of that time he will probably still be carrying his gun upside down, turning his horse into a bog-hole, and blundering through the country by main strength and awkwardness. He was a beautiful type of the tenderfoot.

The redeeming point of the tenderfoot is his humbleness of spirit and his extreme good nature. He exasperates you

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[2] The author has followed a true sequence of events practically in all particulars save in respect to the character of the Tenderfoot. He is in one sense fictitious; in another sense real. He is real in that he is the apotheosis of many tenderfeet, and that everything he does in this narrative he has done at one time or another in the author's experience. He is fictitious in the sense that he is in no way to be identified with the third member of our party in the actual trip.

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with his fool performances to the point of dancing, cursing, wild, crying rage, and then accepts your—well!—reproofs so meekly that you come off the boil as though some one had removed you from the fire, and you feel like a low-browed thug.

Suppose your particular tenderfoot to be named Algernon. Suppose him to have packed his horse loosely—they always do—so that the pack has slipped, the horse has bucked over three square miles of assorted mountains, and the rest of the train is scattered over identically that area. You have run your saddle-horse to a lather heading the outfit. You have sworn and dodged and scrambled and yelled, even fired your six-shooter, to turn them and bunch them. In the meantime Algernon has either sat his horse like a park policeman in his leisure hours, or has ambled directly into your path of pursuit on an average of five times a minute. Then the trouble dies from the landscape and the baby bewilderment from his eyes. You slip from your winded horse, and address Algernon with elaborate courtesy.

"My dear fellow," you remark, "did you not see that the thing for you to do was to head them down by the bottom of that little gulch there? Don't you really think *anybody* would have seen it? What in hades do you think I wanted to run my horse all through those boulders for? Do you think I want to get him lame 'way up here in the hills? I don't mind telling a man a thing once, but to tell it to him fifty-eight times, and then have it do no good— Have you the faintest recollection of my instructing you to turn the bight *over* instead of *under* when you throw that pack-hitch? If you'd remember that, we shouldn't have had all this trouble."

"You didn't tell me to head them by the little gulch," babbles Algernon.

This is just the utterly fool reply that upsets your artificial and elaborate courtesy. You probably foam at the mouth, and dance on your hat, and shriek wild imploring imprecations to the astonished hills. This is not because you have an unfortunate disposition, but because Algernon has been doing precisely the same thing for two months.

"Listen to him!" you howl. "Didn't tell him! Why, you gangle-legged, bug-eyed, soft-handed, pop eared tenderfoot, you! there are some things you never *think* of telling a man. I never told you to open your mouth to spit, either. If you had a hired man at five dollars a year who was so all-round hopelessly thick-headed and incompetent as you are, you'd fire him to-morrow morning."

Then Algernon looks truly sorry, and doesn't answer back as he ought to in order to give occasion for the relief of a really soul-satisfying scrap, and utters the soft answer humbly. So your wrath is turned and there remain only the dregs which taste like some of Algernon's cooking.

It is rather good fun to relieve the bitterness of the heart. Let me tell you a few more tales of the tenderfoot, premising always that I love him, and when at home seek him out to smoke pipes at his fireside, to yarn over the trail, to wonder how much rancor he cherishes against the maniacs who declaimed against him, and by way of compensation to build up in the mind of his sweetheart, his wife, or his mother, a fearful and wonderful reputation for him as the Terror of the Trail. These tales are selected from many, mere samples of a varied experience. They occurred here, there, and everywhere, and at various times. Let no one try to lay them at the door of our Tenderfoot merely because such is his title in this narrative. We called him that by way of distinction.

Once upon a time some of us were engaged in climbing a mountain rising some five thousand feet above our starting-place. As we toiled along, one of the pack-horses became impatient and pushed ahead. We did not mind that, especially as long as she stayed in sight, but in a little while the trail was closed in by brush and timber.

"Algernon," said we, "just push on and get ahead of that mare, will you?"

Algernon disappeared. We continued to climb. The trail was steep and rather bad. The labor was strenuous, and we checked off each thousand feet with thankfulness. As we saw nothing further of Algernon, we naturally concluded he

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had headed the mare and was continuing on the trail. Then through a little opening we saw him riding cheerfully along without a care to occupy his mind. Just for luck we hailed him.

"Hi there, Algernon! Did you find her?"

"Haven't seen her yet."

"Well, you'd better push on a little faster. She may leave the trail at the summit."

Then one of us, endowed by heaven with a keen intuitive instinct for tenderfeet—no one could have a knowledge of them, they are too unexpected—had an inspiration.

"I suppose there are tracks on the trail ahead of you?" he called.

We stared at each other, then at the trail. Only one horse had preceded us—that of the tenderfoot. But of course Algernon was nevertheless due for his chuckle-headed reply.

"I haven't looked," said he.

That raised the storm conventional to such an occasion.

"What in the name of seventeen little dicky-birds did you think you were up to!" we howled. "Were you going to ride ahead until dark in the childlike faith that that mare might show up somewhere? Here's a nice state of affairs. The trail is all tracked up now with our horses, and heaven knows whether she's left tracks where she turned off. It may be rocky there."

We tied the animals savagely, and started back on foot. It would be criminal to ask our saddle-horses to repeat that climb. Algernon we ordered to stay with them.

"And don't stir from them, no matter what happens, or you'll get lost," we commanded, out of the wisdom of long experience.

We climbed down the four thousand odd feet, and then back again, leading the mare. She had turned off not forty rods from where Algernon had taken up her pursuit.

Your Algernon never does get down to little details like tracks—his scheme of life is much too magnificent. To be sure, he would not know fresh tracks from old if he should see them; so it is probably quite as well. In the morning he goes out after the horses. The bunch he finds easily enough, but one is missing. What would you do about it? You would naturally walk in a circle around the bunch until you crossed the track of the truant leading away from it, wouldn't you? If you made a wide enough circle you would inevitably cross that track, wouldn't you? provided the horse started out with the bunch in the first place. Then you would follow the track, catch the horse, and bring him back. Is this Algernon's procedure? Not any. "Ha!" says he, "old Brownie is missing. I will hunt him up." Then he maunders off into the scenery, trusting to high heaven that he is going to blunder against Brownie as a prominent feature of the landscape. After a couple of hours you probably saddle up Brownie and go out to find the tenderfoot.

He has a horrifying facility in losing himself. Nothing is more cheering than to arise from a hard-earned couch of ease for the purpose of trailing an Algernon or so through the gathering dusk to the spot where he has managed to find something—a very real despair of ever getting back to food and warmth. Nothing is more irritating then than his gratitude.

I traveled once in the Black Hills with such a tenderfoot. We were off from the base of supplies for a ten days' trip, with only a saddle-horse apiece. This was near first principles, as our total provisions consisted of two pounds of oatmeal, some tea, and sugar. Among other things we climbed Mount Harney. The trail, after we left the horses, was as plain as a strip of Brussels carpet, but somehow or another that tenderfoot managed to get off it. I hunted him up. We gained the top, watched the sunset, and started down. The tenderfoot, I thought, was fairly at my coat-tails, but when I turned to speak to him he had gone; he must have turned off at one of the numerous little openings in the brush. I sat down to wait. By and by, away down the west slope of the mountain, I heard a shot, and a faint, a very faint, despairing yell. I also shot and yelled. After various signals of the sort it became evident that the tenderfoot was approaching. In a moment he

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tore by at full speed, his hat off, his eye wild, his six-shooter popping at every jump. He passed within six feet of me, and never saw me. Subsequently I left him on the prairie, with accurate and simple instructions.

"There's the mountain range. You simply keep that to your left and ride eight hours. Then you'll see Rapid City. You simply *can't* get lost. Those hills stick out like a sore thumb."

Two days later he drifted into Rapid City, having wandered off somewhere to the east. How he had done it I can never guess. That is his secret.

The tenderfoot is always in hard luck. Apparently, too, by all tests of analysis, it is nothing but luck, pure chance, misfortune. And yet the very persistence of it in his case, where another escapes, perhaps indicates that much of what we call good luck is in reality unconscious skill in the arrangement of those elements which go to make up events. A persistently unlucky man is perhaps sometimes to be pitied, but more often to be booted. That philosophy will be cryingly unjust about once in ten.

But, lucky or unlucky, the tenderfoot is human. Ordinarily that doesn't occur to you. He is a malevolent engine of destruction—quite as impersonal as heat or cold or lack of water. He is an unfortunate article of personal belonging requiring much looking after to keep in order. He is a credulous and convenient response to practical jokes, huge tales, misinformation. He is a laudable object of attrition for the development of your character. But somehow, in the woods, he is not as other men, and so you do not come to feel yourself in close human relations to him.

But Algernon is real, nevertheless. He has feelings, even if you do not respect them. He has his little enjoyments, even though he does rarely contemplate anything but the horn of his saddle.

"Algernon," you cry, "for heaven's sake stick that saddle of yours in a glass case and glut yourself with the sight of its ravishing beauties next *winter*. For the present do gaze on the mountains. That's what you came for."

No use.

He has, doubtless, a full range of all the appreciative emotions, though from his actions you'd never suspect it. Most human of all, he possesses his little vanities.

Algernon always overdoes the equipment question. If it is bird-shooting, he accumulates leggings and canvas caps and belts and dog-whistles and things until he looks like a picture from a department-store catalogue. In the cow country he wears Stetson hats, snake bands, red handkerchiefs, six-shooters, chaps, and huge spurs that do not match his face. If it is yachting, he has a chronometer with a gong in the cabin of a five-ton sailboat, possesses a nickel-plated machine to register the heel of his craft, sports a brass-bound yachting-cap and all the regalia. This is merely amusing. But I never could understand his insane desire to get sunburned. A man will get sunburned fast enough; he could not help it if he would. Algernon usually starts out from town without a hat. Then he dares not take off his sweater for a week lest it carry away his entire face. I have seen men with deep sores on their shoulders caused by nothing but excessive burning in the sun. This, too, is merely amusing. It means quite simply that Algernon realizes his inner deficiencies and wants to make up for them by the outward seeming. Be kind to him, for he has been raised a pet.

The tenderfoot is lovable—mysterious in how he does it—and awfully unexpected.

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The Women of America[1]

Thirteenth Paper—Women in the Professions

By Elizabeth McCracken

"SHALL I tell you who are those women in America who interest me most?" a German woman, who has made several visits to the United States, wrote me recently. "Yes, I will tell you: they are the women who are in the professions; who are doctors and lawyers. They, and the nurses trained in hospitals, and the women in business—they interest me most. I wonder all the time why they are doing what they do! Is it that they are actuated by the desire for power?"

It happens that the mother of one of my former associates in settlement work is a physician; and almost immediately after receiving the letter from the woman in Germany, I wrote to her. "Your mother being a doctor," I explained, "you have already, no doubt, known many more professional women than I shall ever know. Why are they professional women? 'Is it,' I quoted, 'that they are actuated by the desire for power?'"

To my great delight, a reply to my letter came from my friend by return mail. "Yes," she wrote, without further preamble; "it is 'that they are actuated by the desire for power'—the power Ruskin speaks of: Power to heal, to redeem, to guide, and to guard! These words may sound grandiloquent," she added; "but the feeling they express is the simple truth with respect to professional women. Haven't you usually found it so with regard to those you've met?"

It was just because I had invariably found it so with regard to the proportionally few professional women whom I had met that I was glad to receive from a woman whose opportunities in that direction had been at once so much more numerous and so much more nearly complete than my own, this assurance that my acquaintance among professional women, though few, might yet be considered representative. The feeling expressed in the words of Ruskin—to use my friend's phrase—was the feeling which seemed to underlie all their work, and all their hopes concerning their work.

Not long ago, looking through a collection of photographs, I found a picture of a small baby, which picture was one of many that I had taken during the course of a day spent several summers ago on the Boston Floating Hospital, in somewhat close company with a trained nurse whom I met upon that occasion. A doctor connected with the hospital told me that she was one of the best nurses he had ever known; and I remember still her tender efficiency in caring for the poor, helpless little babies in the wards of the hospital, and her infinite gentleness and patience with the ignorance of the mothers and fathers who came, bringing with them the children whose simplest ills they lacked knowledge and skill to alleviate.

The baby, whose picture I chanced to find, had been one of that nurse's especial favorites among her patients. "Why does she like this one so particularly?" I asked one of the doctors, as he, having persuaded the nurse to lend me the baby, who was convalescent, for half an hour, lifted it from the cot on which it was resting, and gave it to me, with the remark that it was the special pride and joy of its nurse.

"Well, I suppose because she has made such a success of it," the doctor said, with a smile. "Just see how well it is, now; it's going home to-morrow. It's been here several weeks; it was a pitiful sight when it came!" He looked at the baby with obvious satisfaction. "We worked hard for that child's life," he said, soberly. "The doctors here did all they could; but without her"—and he indicated the nurse—"the baby

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would have died. She tended it day and night for a while; and she's a fine nurse."

When, a little after the stipulated half-hour, I was carefully returning the child to its cot, I said to the nurse: "The doctor has been telling me about this baby. He says you saved its life. It must be glorious to be able to save a child's life."

"Yes," agreed the nurse, simply, "it is. It was because I longed to help save life that I decided to be a nurse," she continued. "I couldn't get my training fast enough," she added, slowly. "I was so anxious to be able to begin. All I ask now is that I may become more and more able to continue!"

Her devotion to the profession she had chosen, and her eagerness for any new instruction or experience which promised to make her a more capable member of that profession, have often been recalled to my mind by another nurse whom I know, whose ardor in preparing for her work has been no less great, and whose effectualness in her profession bids fair to be equally large. I met her for the first time a number of years ago, in the surgical ward of a city hospital, to which she had been taken as the result of a somewhat severe accident. Her recovery was slow and painful, and during its long process I went many times to see her. One day, I happened to take with me, to give to her, a cluster of unusually pretty wild white violets. She accepted them with evident pleasure; but when I returned, after a visit in another ward, to bid her good-by, the flowers were nowhere to be seen.

"I gave the violets to one of my nurses," the girl said, instantly. "They were so lovely, and she's so nice—and I knew you wouldn't mind."

During the weeks she spent in the hospital, this was the only direct reference she made to any of her attendants; but one evening, shortly after her return to her home, which was in a tenement district, she came to see me.

"I want to be a trained nurse," she began, abruptly; "I want to learn how to make sick people comfortable, like the nurses at the hospital made me. I intend to be a trained nurse! How shall I commence?"

It took her but a brief time to discover how to commence; but the acquisition of the training she needed, and—as she frequently repeated with undiminished emphasis—intended to obtain, has been accompanied by numerous and unusual difficulties. Her hindrances and discouragements have been countless; but she has persevered; and her hospital training is now very nearly completed. Not very long ago I met her.

"My little sister has been sick," she told me; "and I've been at home for a while, taking care of her."

The girl paused, as if for a reply; and I said, "I hope your sister is better."

"Yes, she is," said the young nurse; "she is almost well, and I took care of her!"

"You were fortunate in knowing how," I commented, sympathetically. It was plainly to be seen that this was the girl's own thought.

"Wasn't I?" she exclaimed, impulsively. "She had to have things done for her that only a trained nurse *could* do! And I'd do them; and then, after I'd made her comfortable, I'd just sit and watch her, and be glad because I knew *how* to do it!" She was silent for a few moments, and then she said in a low tone, "It is a grand thing to have the power to ease people who are in pain; it is the best thing in the world—"

"Except using that power," I added for her.

"Yes, except using that power," repeated the girl, fervently.

Among the professional women whom I met in the course of my journeyings, there was one who not only possessed, but also used, the power to heal those who were sick to a degree which, if not unusual, was still very wonderful. She was a physician in a city of considerable size, and I heard of her through a woman living in the poorest district of the city to whom she had been very kind—so kind, indeed, that the woman, during my visits to her, talked to me only about "the doctor," and, finally, invited me to go with her to call upon the doctor in question, that I might see

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for myself how worthy she was of the rare esteem in which she was held.

This I was, of course, most ready to do; and after some preliminary conversation with the doctor over the telephone, an hour was named at which the desired visit might be made.

"She's a beautiful-hearted woman, the doctor is," said the doctor's friend, as we started together to keep our appointment. "Busy as she always is, and tired as she often must be, she is never too busy or too tired to go and do for any one who is sick and needs her. I know more than one person who would have died except for her—myself, for instance. She never sent me a bill, and I suppose there's lots of others can say the same of her. She's a beautiful-hearted woman."

The more I talked with the doctor upon the occasion of that first short visit, the more intimately I came to know her during a number of other hours which I afterward spent in making calls with her, the more clearly did I see how truly her friend's lovely adjective described her. She was indeed a beautiful-hearted woman.

In addition to her regular practice, which another physician—a man—told me was justifiably large, she gave of the very best skill she had—which my informant said was of a very high order—to many a person who, like the woman through whom I had met her, never received a bill from her.

"She is a good doctor and a noble woman," said that other physician, warmly. "I've never known any one who did more real good—and I've known a considerable number of rather fine people."

"I wonder how she happened to choose to be a doctor," I said; but the other physician replied that he was unable to tell me.

"You might ask her," he suggested; but, though I very much desired to know, I did not take his advice.

When, somewhat later, the doctor told me why she had become a physician, I was very glad that I had refrained from making any inquiries of her.

"Have you, perhaps, wondered why I decided to be a doctor?" she asked me, unexpectedly, on the afternoon of the last day of my far too brief sojourn in her city. We were returning from a call made upon a young woman who had come in from the country to visit a relative in the city in order that she might have, for a few weeks, the constant services of a physician, of which services she was much in need. The sweetness and the youth of the sick woman, as well as the fact that she had come from an isolated farm, brought so vividly to my mind the remembrance of another pioneer woman whom I had but shortly before met, that I had been led into telling the doctor about that other woman, and thence into speaking to her further concerning the lives of women on farms and ranches.

"I don't know which is greater," I had been saying, "the courage of those women, or the danger they are constantly in because of their isolation."

And then it was that the doctor asked me if I had wondered why she had decided to be a doctor.

"Yes," I admitted, "I have."

"I might just as well have told you the day we met first," the doctor began, "but I am particularly glad to tell you now."

"I shall be glad to hear," I said, as my new friend paused.

"I lived on a farm during my childhood," she presently continued, "and my mother was just such a brave, sweet woman as that girl we have been to see; she was just like the women from farms and ranches you have been telling me about your meetings with on your travels this winter. When I was a half-grown girl, the only sister I ever had was born. She died when she was two days old; and less than a week afterward my mother died. If my mother could have had the medical attention she required at that time, she and her child might be living to-day. But we were poor, and far away from town. We did what we could, had what professional care we were able to get; but it wasn't enough. Nothing that I can ever do will make up to me for the loss of my mother, and for the lack of the happiness a sister would be to me. And before I was really grown up, I decided

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to become a doctor, in the hope that I might perhaps save the lives of other women and other little children."

"And you have!" I exclaimed involuntarily, the memory of all that the other physician had told me concerning her work coming into my thoughts. "You have, many, many times!"

"Yes," the doctor said, gently, "and had I done it just once only, that once would have repaid me twice over for the long, hard years of preparation I was, of course, obliged to undergo before I could begin to practice."

She had told me much regarding her work; but it was little, after all, in comparison with what her friends recounted to me of her never-ending and effective labors on behalf of those who were needy and ill. "She always has seemed to me," one of these said, affectionately, "to be a sort of actual and human definition of that old-fashioned word, 'loving-kindness.'"

Certain it is that to more—many more—than one person that doctor has been, in very truth, an embodiment of the beautiful word, which, though it may be old-fashioned, can never, while such women as she are in the world, become obsolete.

Nothing in connection with the women physicians whom I met in various parts of the United States appealed to me so strongly as the fact that, whatever else they might be engaged in doing, they were also, without exception, devoting a great deal of their time and skill to the aiding of persons who, lacking their help, might have lacked any help whatsoever. Very often they rendered this service individually; but in some instances they offered it through institutions, conducted, and in several cases established, by themselves.

One of these charities I discovered, almost by chance, in the city of Washington. It was called the Woman's Clinic. Searching in the city directory for an address, I happened to see the name of the organization, and, impelled by a natural interest, I started without delay to go to it. It was a long distance from that part of Washington in which I was stopping; and, in spite of ample directions, I had some difficulty in finding it. Eventually, however, a little girl in its vicinity, to whom I turned for guidance, obligingly accompanied me to the very door of the institution, and, ringing the bell for me, said, leniently, "I s'pose you don't live 'round here; if you did, you'd know this is it!"

To my surprise, the building was a very small cottage. The bell was answered by a negro woman, who, when I had explained my errand, told me that, the hour not being an office hour, none of the doctors were at that moment within the house, but that one of them would soon return, and that if I wished I might come in and wait for her.

By the time the expected doctor did return, my interest in the Woman's Clinic had developed into a curiosity which longed to ask questions. "I hope you won't think me too interrogative," I said, as the doctor—a woman whom it was a true privilege to meet—took me through the tiny wards and consulting-rooms of the little building, "but I should so like to know as much as you will tell me about the Clinic."

"Ask anything you wish," replied the doctor, cheerfully; "I'll tell you as much as I can. I'll put up prescriptions while we talk."

She led the way along the narrow hall, into a small room, which was lined with shelves and cases of bottles and boxes. "It looks like a diminutive pharmacy," I commented when my companion inquired of me as to how it impressed me.

"Well, that's just what it is," she said, "though we call it the drug room. We put up our own prescriptions," explained the doctor.

"Why do you?" I found myself asking.

"It makes the necessary medicines less expensive for our patients," was the reply.

The patients, she added, were not only women, but also children, who required such care as only a hospital could give, and who, but for the Clinic, would have suffered for the want of that care. "The wards we have are so small," she continued, "and we have so few facilities for hospital work, that we cannot take many cases into the house; but we do find it possible to help a good many

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during the course of our daily office hours."

In answer to my numerous questions, she went on to tell me that the Clinic had been established in the year 1890, in response to a public need which the founders of the institution felt to be really imperative; and that, small in size and in resources as it had been, almost two thousand persons had applied to it for treatment during the two years immediately following its organization. The physicians who composed its clinical staff, she told me, were women, all of whom contributed their services to the work. On its advisory board, she added, were several of the most widely known physicians in Washington.

"We do all we can, in the best way that we can," she concluded; "but it is a very minute part of what there is to do, and of what we could do, if only we had a larger house and more money. When I think of all the poor and suffering women that there are in Washington, and then think of how small a proportion of them we are able to relieve, I find it hard not to get discouraged. However, 'every little helps;' and perhaps in time this tiny little woman's Clinic may grow into a great big women's hospital!"

"I hope it may," I observed.

"It is because I hope it may," the doctor said, "that I don't get discouraged."

It has been happily said that women, when they enter the legal profession, enter it as counselors rather than as combatants. One of my friends was narrating to me recently an incident relating to the professional life of a mutual acquaintance, a woman lawyer in Boston, the details of which incident might well have inspired such a statement.

"A man, an Italian, came to her," said my friend, "with a complaint against his landlord. They had had some quarrel; and the Italian had not only refused to pay his rent, but was determined to sue the landlord."

"Did she take the case?" I inquired, with interest, a vision of the lawyer, gentle, quiet-voiced, and sweet, appearing before my mind's eye.

"No," replied my friend, with a smile which was so evidently due to some recollection connected with the matter that I urged her to tell me all about it.

"Why didn't she?" I asked, encouragingly.

"Because she induced the Italian to abandon the idea of suing the landlord. She pointed out to him that such a procedure would be not only unnecessary but foolish. She persuaded him to pay his rent and to make peace with his landlord. He had another lawsuit pending; and she made him promise to give that up, too. Going to law on the slightest provocation had become a habit with him, she said—a habit which ought to be broken!"

My friend ceased for a few moments to enjoy the effect of this recital upon her hearer; and then she added: "She had him at her office, by appointment, an hour a day for a whole week—and she was particularly busy that week, too—and she talked to him about the conduct of life. In short, instead of taking up his case against his landlord, she gave him a week of lessons in right living."

The charm of this story led me to repeat it, the day after hearing it, to another lawyer of my acquaintance. He smiled, slowly, and, thinking to anticipate his expected comment upon it, I supplemented: "To be sure, she might have done that even had she not been a lawyer."

"Yes," agreed the other member of the legal profession; "but the significant point is that she did it, being a lawyer!"

One of the most interesting happenings of my journey was concerned with a woman lawyer, whom I came to know in rather a unique manner. She lived in one of the large cities to which I went, and at the very time of my visit had charge of a case for the opposite side of which my host was counsel.

Observing to how great an extent the circumstance—mentioned casually one day—attracted my attention, my host talked to me considerably about the case in question; not, it must be confessed, with the entire approval of my hostess, whose conservative nature found something distasteful in the thought of a

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woman engaged as legal adviser in a lawsuit. "It doesn't seem womanly," she said.

"The lawsuit may not be," her husband agreed; "but I assure you that the lawyer in this particular instance is. She is a good lawyer, too; though she will lose her case."

The case, he explained, in response to my inquiry, had to do with a farm, located not far from the city, the title to which was being contested. "The people who are living on it claim it," elucidated my host further, "but they really have lost their right to the title. My opponent has their case."

"And you have the case of the other claimants?" I put in.

"Yes," said my host, not without a shade of regret in his tone, "I have; and they have all the case there really is. It is a pity, for though the farm is theirs by right, they don't need it; and the people who are living on it do."

As had been predicted, the woman lawyer was defeated. One evening, several days having elapsed since the receipt of this piece of sorry information, my host suddenly turned to my hostess and said, "What do you think that woman lawyer, of whom we have all been talking so much, has done since losing her case?"

"Tell us," invited my hostess.

"Well, the people to whom the farm belonged by right decided, as soon as their title to it was established, to sell it—"

"And the lawyer—" I interrupted.

"She got some rich woman she knows so sympathetically interested in the misfortunes of her client that the woman bought the farm—it was cheap enough—and is allowing the people who have been living on it to continue to live on it—rent free."

There was a short silence; and then, half to herself, my hostess said: "I shall never again say that the law is a profession the practice of which tends to make a woman unwomanly!"

I was so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of the woman lawyer before the end of my visit; and in one of the first of the several conversations I had with her I told her how peculiarly I had chanced to learn the various details regarding her recent case. "I have been very much absorbed in it," I admitted, "not only because of your part in it, but on account of the people to whom the farm was a home. I wondered what they would do if they lost the property."

"That was just what I wondered!" exclaimed the lawyer; "and, indeed, I still wonder what they would have done, if my kind and generous friend had been as financially unable as I was to come to their rescue."

Surely in the professional life of this woman, as well as in that of the lawyer who gave "lessons in right living," the determining motive is a desire "to guide and to guard."

Among the many women whom I met while engaged in my investigation, there was one whose work had seemed to me at the outset—at which time I chanced to hear of its intended scope and plan—to be almost too idealistic to be practicable. The organizer of the work proposed to elevate to the dignity of a profession certain kinds of labor which are ordinarily regarded as drudgery.

"How is she going to begin?" I asked the mutual acquaintance who had been telling me these things.

"She has begun," was the reply; "she has opened a lunch-room. She thinks that the proper preparation and the proper serving of food are as important and as scientific—as much a profession, in short, as any of the various other occupations that we are in the habit of calling professions."

"The question is," I said, as my companion waited for a reply, "will she be able to get a sufficient number of associates who can sympathize with that theory?"

"She expects to," my acquaintance returned. "I must admit," she added, "that the idea of the enterprise makes me think of Brook Farm."

As for the enterprise itself, it appeared to me also, as I gradually became acquainted with the several persons concerned in it, somewhat to resemble Brook Farm—in idea. But in actual daily practice it has proved to be not in the least like any of the pictures

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drawn for us of the interesting community in Roxbury. As its founder hoped to make, she has succeeded in making, an industrial organization in which even that labor commonly conceived to be menial is regarded and performed in a professional spirit. She has accomplished this, moreover, with a remarkable lack of excitement and an even more remarkable lack of pose. Her lunch-room is—a lunch-room.

"Does there seem to you to be anything unusual about this place?" I recently asked a most practical friend whom I had invited to accompany me to the restaurant. I knew that she had no knowledge of the persons in control of the enterprise, and that her opinion relative to it was likely, therefore, to be quite without bias.

She glanced about the pleasant room. "It's an unusually nice place," she said, cordially. "It is unusually dainty, and pretty, and comfortable. The food is unusually good, and served with unusual care. Otherwise, there doesn't seem to me to be anything unusual about the place. Why do you ask?"

I hastened to explain to her why I asked. "Is it financially successful?" she inquired, when I had finished my account; and I was glad indeed to be able to assure her that, in spite of the fact that it had been begun with almost no capital, and had from the beginning met with somewhat formidable competition, it still had been so distinctly successful, financially, that its organizer had opened another establishment with a similar plan, though of a much more simple order, on a neighboring street; and that, in connection with the other organization, she conducted a bakery. I afterward took to my friend a loaf of the bread from the bakery. "You don't think there's anything uncommon about it, do you?" I asked, eagerly.

"It's uncommonly good bread!" replied my practical friend.

My own interest in the purposes and hopes of the persons who had established these enterprises, which in ideal so instantly suggest Brook Farm, led me many times to the rooms in which the experiments were being tried. I soon became acquainted with the various workers, and with much of the routine of their work. It was undeniably true that the majority of those persons, either knowingly or unconsciously, looked upon their work, whether it happened to be the choosing or the preparation of food, the superintending or the performing of manual labor, as work to be done, and done well, not alone for a monetary consideration, but also, and to an equal degree, for its own sake.

"How did you arouse this spirit in your employees?" I asked the director of the organizations.

"Very simply," she replied; "they couldn't help feeling, after a while, that their employers regarded work as a thing not entirely commercial; they couldn't help seeing that we thought our own work worth something, quite apart from its pecuniary value. They came to realize that we respected them as workers, and didn't merely think of them as conveniences; and so they naturally have come to think more highly of their work. That's all that we've aroused in them—a respect for their work. But," she added, "it is a respect for one's work which elevates that work to the rank of a profession—a successfully practical profession, furthermore."

The significance of these words rests in the fact that the woman who spoke them has actually tested their soundness and practically proven their truth.

The success with which the entrance of American women into the professions has been attended is certainly, it would seem, a matter for hearty congratulation. These women have, as even the most conservative will grant, reflected honor upon the professions which they have chosen, and in the practicing of those professions have, as even the keenest will admit, in no wise injured or distorted their own womanhood.

Only a short time ago I was discussing these matters with a man of many years' high standing in the professional world. "American women have unquestionably been singularly successful in the professions," he remarked; "and justifiably so, I think."

"Why have they been, should you say?" I asked. "Because they have become professional?"

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My old friend mused for a brief interval, and then he said, "No; it's because they have remained womanly."

A somewhat radical woman to whom I quoted this observation so disconcerted me by expressing to me her opinion that professional women themselves would be little inclined to concur in it, that, not without hesitation, I submitted it to several such women whom I knew. With a single exception, they all agreed with it. One woman disagreed, but her disagreement was not very disturbing. "Women have succeeded in professional life," she affirmed, "because they have become professional *and* remained womanly." And, in a final analysis, does not this twofold reason seem, beyond a doubt, to be the true reason for the recognized steady advancement of American women in the professions?

The Character and Scope of the Sonnet

By Henry Timrod

Some time ago, in commenting on the reissue of Henry Timrod's Poems by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., The Outlook predicted that his rare gift as a lyrical poet would presently secure a wider recognition. His work is not great in mass, but he wrote a few memorable poems, full of delicate feeling, of individuality, of genuine beauty. Such lines as those on "The Cotton Boll," and the tender and pathetic verses read in the Magnolia Cemetery in Charleston in commemoration of the Confederate dead in that beautiful haunt of ancient peace, are likely to be included in anthologies of American poetry for many decades to come. It was Timrod's tragic fate to live in the tumult and waste of war, and to miss the quiet joys and the kindly inspirations which would have evoked his fuller if not his deeper skill. He was one of a gifted group in Charleston in whom the ripest culture and the deepest feeling of the Old South were blended, and who might have produced work of lasting value if the uproar of war had not silenced some and exiled others, bringing to all deprivation and loss of many kinds. The following article, now first published, will interest many who appreciate the purity and passion of Timrod's verse, and shows that he understood his art from the philosophical and critical as well as from the technical and artistic point of view.—THE EDITORS.

THE sonnet has never been a popular form of verse. Those who maintain that the poet should address himself to the popular heart alone may regard this as a significant fact. We are not, however, so disposed to consider it. As far as we know anything of that interesting organ, the popular heart understands very little about poetry, and cares less.

The audience of the poet, "fit though few," is even more limited than that of the musician. As there are a great many persons wholly unable to enjoy the music of an overture, or an opera, so there are a still greater number who are equally incompetent to appreciate an epic or a sonnet. We appeal to the experience of every true lover and critic of poetry. How often have his sensibilities been shocked while reading to divers representatives of this popular art some noble passage which has stirred his own soul to its very depths! The subtle melody has fallen on deaf ears. The deep thought, the lofty imagination, have not been comprehended at all. "Very good, I dare say, but—I am no critic," or, "Quite pretty, but, after all, give me a song of Moore's." The enthusiastic reader shuts the book with an internal malediction. In truth, we are not inclined to regard this popular heart as a human heart at all. It is only a mean, narrow, unintelligent thing, which beats, sometimes under fine broadcloth and sometimes under coarser textures, to the tune of dollars and cents. Where, since the time of Milton, has the reputation of every poet, with the single exception of Burns, commenced? Not with the multitude. A few cultivated persons explain their admiration to the popular heart, which echoes it much as an empty room echoes a voice. Even the popularity of the songs of Burns and

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Moore we are disposed to attribute to the airs to which they have been married rather than to the excellence of their poetry.

It is not our object in this essay to argue the sonnet into popularity. The attempt would be no less absurd than that of the foolish fellow who tried to teach an ape to read. We only design to answer some of the objections urged against this form of verse by people who should know better. There is Rogers. That complacent poet has remarked that "he had never attempted to write a sonnet, as he could see no reason why a man, who had anything to say, should be tied down to fourteen lines." He adds, somewhat condescendingly, that it "did very well for Wordsworth, as its strict limits prevented him from lapsing into that diffuseness to which he was prone." That a poet who was wont to confine himself to four couplets a day, as much, we suspect, from actual sterility in word and thought as with any design of polishing his verse, should speak in terms of such cool disparagement of the style of Wordsworth is amusing enough. But with the banker's strictures upon the author of "Laodamia" we have nothing to do. What shall we say in reply to that objection which turns upon the impossibility of compressing the thoughts of Mr. Rogers within the compass of fourteen lines? The answer lies in a nutshell. It is plain that Mr. Rogers had never reflected upon the nature of the sonnet. He did not know that it partakes—with certain differences which will soon be alluded to—of the nature of a stanza. We can give no reason wherefore, in the Spenserian stanza, the verse should always, and the sense generally, conclude with the ninth line, except that the nice ear of the poet by whom it was invented so determined it. The poets who followed the inventor, finding the stanza to be one of great variety, sweetness, and strength, adopted it, without inquiring why it might not consist of eight or ten lines. In the same manner, the sonnet was the invention of some other poet of happy taste, and this little harp of fourteen strings, after having been swept with great effect by the hands of a few great masters, has been accepted and approved as one of the legitimate instruments of poetry. There are certain ears on which music of every kind—Mozart's as well as Milton's—can fall only in parts; and to such ears it is not surprising that no sufficient reason can be given why the sonnet should never transgress or fall short of the limits which have been assigned it. But the educated poetical ear, capable of appreciating the music of the sonnet as a whole, will detect in it a strain of melody which, like an air that has been played out, comes naturally and easily to a close at the fourteenth line. We do not say that this effect is always produced, but it will always be produced whenever the sonnet is properly written. And the poet who complains of the shackles that bind him lacks either skill or genius.

An objection will be suggested to the above remarks by that which constitutes the difference between the sonnet and the stanza. The latter often leaves the sense incomplete, and may run into a succeeding stanza; while the sonnet, even when used as the stanza of a long poem (as in Wordsworth's poem on the river Duddon, and in his ecclesiastical sonnets), must be at the same time a complete poem in itself. This objection is, of course, no answer to what we have urged as to the musical effects of the sonnet as a stanza, but points only to the additional trammels which it imposes on the poet. That it does impose such additional trammels we acknowledge at once. But what then? The poet finds ready made to his hand an air of exquisite sweetness to which he may set his thought, and to which, if he possess the due degree of skill, he may, by means of pause and cadence, give the most delightful variations without destroying or marring the effect of the original melody. Must he refuse to employ it because it is difficult? That many poets have written bad sonnets only proves a difficulty which nobody denies, and which those poets had not the ability to overcome.

It is not long since we heard the law of the sonnet ascribed to the same caprice which once led men to write verses in the shape of triangles and

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other geometrical figures. That that law depends upon something more than caprice we think we have already said enough to show. But the remark could scarcely have been made in earnest. No apology whatever could be forged by the most ingenious critic which could justify in the slightest degree the freaks of pedantry referred to. But it will not be denied that the sonnet admits at least of a very plausible defense. No good poetry that we have ever heard of has been pressed into the figure of a trapezoid. But it will not be denied that much noble poetry has been given to the world through the medium of the sonnet.

The sonnet has been called artificial. It *is* artificial, but only as all forms of verse are artificial. There are persons who imagine poetry to be the result of a mystical inspiration, scarcely to be subjected to the bounds of space and time. Others, regarding it as the outgushing of a present emotion, cannot conceive how the poet, carried on by the "divine afflatus," should always contrive to rein in his Pegasus at a certain goal. All this is simply ridiculous. If the poet have his hour of inspiration (though we are so sick of the cant of which this word has been the fruitful source that we dislike to use it), it is not during the act of composition. A distinction must be made between the moment when the great thought first breaks upon the mind,

"leaving in the brain
A rocking and a ringing,"

and the hour of patient and elaborate execution.

It is in the conception only that the poet is in the *vates*. In the actual labor of putting that conception into words, he is simply the artist. A great poet has defined poetry to be emotion recollected in tranquillity. No man, with grief in his heart, could sit straightway down to strain that grief through iambics. No man, exulting in a delirium of joy, ever bubbles in anapests. Were this so, the poet would be the most wonderful of improvisators; and, perhaps, poetry would be no better than improvisations usually are. There can be no doubt that much of the most passionate verse in the English or any other language has been

"Thoughtfully fitted to the Orphean lyre."

The act of composition is, indeed, attended with an emotion peculiar to itself and to the poet; and this emotion is sufficient of itself to give a glow and richness to the poet's language; yet it leaves him at the same time in such command of his faculties that he is able to choose his words almost as freely, though by no means so deliberately, as the painter chooses his colors. We are inclined to think that the emotion of the poet somewhat resembles, in its metaphysical character, those inexplicable feelings with which we all witness a tragic performance on the stage—feelings which, even while they rend the heart, are always attended by a large amount of vivid pleasure.

It would be easy to multiply quotations in confirmation of our remarks. Wordsworth speaks of himself as

"Not used to make
A present joy the matter of his song;"

and Matthew Arnold separates, as we have separated, the hour of insight from the hour of labor.

"We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides:
But tasks in hours of insight willed
May be through hours of gloom fulfilled."

Is it not significant also that the best love verses have been written by men who, at the time of writing them, had long passed that age during which love is warmest, and the heart most susceptible? The songs of Moore's middle age are far superior to the Anacreontics of his passionate youth.

We confess we are unable to see the stigma conveyed in the term artificial, as applied to the sonnet. The poet is an artist, and, we suppose, he regards every sort of stanza but as the artificial mold into which he pours his thought. The very restriction so much complained of, he knows to be, in some respects, an advantage. It forces him to condensation; and if it sometimes induces a poetaster to stretch a thought to the finest tenuity, what argument is that against the sonnet? As well might

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Jones object to the violin of Paganini because his neighbor Smith is a wretched fiddler.

The sonnet is designed, as it is peculiarly fitted, for the development of a single thought, emotion, or picture. It is governed by another law not less imperative than that which determines its length. This law the cavilers have not as yet interfered with, doubtless because they know nothing of its existence. Yet, perhaps, it is that which constitutes the chief difficulty in the composition of the sonnet. We do not know how else to characterize it but as the law of unity. In a poem made up of a series of stanzas, the thought in the first stanza suggests the thought in the second, and both may be equally important. The concluding stanza may have wandered as far in its allusions from the opening stanza as the last from the first sentence in an essay. In other words, the poet has the liberty of rambling somewhat if his fancy so dispose him. In the sonnet this suggestive progress from one thought to another is inadmissible. It must consist of one leading idea around which the others are grouped for purposes of illustration only. Most of the sonnets of Wordsworth meet this requirement exactly. Whatever be the number of the images they contain, they are usually perfect in the unity of the impression which they leave upon the mind of the reader.

At some future time we shall return to this subject, and, passing by many cavils equally as trivial as these we have discussed, we will examine and illustrate more fully the laws which govern this department of verse. At present we will only say that we claim for it a proud distinction, as it is represented in English literature. We believe that we could gather from it a greater body of tersely expressed and valuable thought than from any equal quantity of those fugitive verses the laws of which are less exacting. It abounds in those "great thoughts, grave thoughts," which, embodied in lines of wonderful pregnancy, haunt the memory forever. Brief as the sonnet is, the whole power of the poet has been sometimes exemplified within its narrow bounds as completely as within the compass of an epic. Thought is independent of space, and it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the poet—the minister of thought—enjoys an equal independence. To-day his stature reaches the sky, to-morrow he will shut himself up in the bell of a tulip or the cup of a lily.

A New History of the United States[1]

THE student of North American history, and especially of the history of the United States, cannot complain that his subject has lacked exploration. The study of our career as a nation, and more particularly of the origin and development of the institutional bases upon which the Republic rests, has exercised a compelling fascination over historians, native and foreign, a fascination readily comprehensible in the light of the object-lesson in popular government presented to the world by the welding into a stable, independent whole of a series of colonial dependencies with separate, often mutually antagonistic interests, and the rapid growth of that child of freedom, despite extinction-menacing crises, into a power with which all governments must reckon, and making, moreover, for the peace and the good of mankind. Here, in truth, many old-world illusions have been dispelled, and hither, as a consequence, old-world historians have turned their eyes, seeking to discern ultimate causes. The fruits of their investigations, added to the products of the researches of American born inquirers, form an imposing offering. To the average man, however, occupied with the cares of daily life, the offering is far too imposing. He has neither time nor desire for the perusal of standard but voluminous works, too frequently written by historians for historians; nor can the attenuated "school histories," by the very nature of their

[1] *History of the United States of America.* By Henry William Elson. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.75, net.

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being devoid of critical exposition and given over wholly to fact, at the expense of causation, successfully appeal to him. What is wanted, what has long been wanted, is a writer who will do for American history what Green has done for English history—give a compact, readable account of the salient phases of the nation's development, take note of the underlying currents of social, political, economic, and intellectual progress, and, above all, and most difficult of all in view of the comparative contemporaneity of most phases of the subject, prove himself entirely free, if not from bias, at least from partisanship. An exacting demand, necessitating for its fulfillment the possession of the highest judicial qualities. Yet this is the demand that Henry William Elson essays to meet, and which impartial consideration of his work must decide he has met to a satisfactory degree.

Frankness, fairness, and optimism are the chief characteristics of the "idea" of his history, viewing it, of course, as a whole; lucidity and directness, of its "form." Avoiding any attempt at "precious" writing, he passes now and again to the opposite extreme, indulging in colloquialisms by no means in keeping with his theme. Perspective and method of presentation are alike admirable, a result doubtless of searching scrutiny of the works of his predecessors. The purpose for which he assumed his task, "to present an accurate narrative of the origin and growth of our country and its institutions in such a form as to interest the general reader," is ever kept in mind. The prime desideratum, accuracy, is, however, most difficult as most needful of attainment, and all the more difficult owing to the surprising revisions of statement of fact and opinion rendered necessary through the discoveries of latter-day workers in the field of original research, a field growing ever wider and apparently ever more productive of results controverting supposedly well-based assertions and judgments. Thus, even while Mr. Elson was penning his tribute to the accuracy of Parkman, Major William Wood (whose "Fight for Canada" will be reviewed in a later issue of The Outlook) was preparing to show, by reference to official documents hitherto unpublished, that the great historian's account of the momentous battle at Quebec can no longer be accepted as trustworthy. On the other hand, Mr. Elson has been at great pains to supplement his statements regarding disputed points with references to contrary or confirmatory conclusions reached by other investigators. His account of the career of Columbus, for example, contains informative allusions to the work of Mr. Vignaud and to the recently discovered Waldseemüller map; while to the popular opinion of Aaron Burr he adds the rehabilitatory verdict of Professor McCaleb. Disavowing any pretense to extended original research on his own part, he is quick to avail himself of the knowledge assembled by his colaborers, and, on the whole, exercises a wise discrimination in his choice of authorities. Errors there undoubtedly are, but not of a character seriously to impair the work's usefulness.

The question of bias and partisanship deserves searching examination. Mr. Herbert Paul's dictum that a non-partisan historian is not worth his salt should be accepted only with certain well-defined reservations—when, for instance, a "partisan" historian writes a "partisan" history of the type of Mr. Paul's "Modern England." In style and method of treatment Mr. Paul and Mr. Elson are as far apart as the poles, but so far as "partisanship" is concerned there is a striking parallel between them. Mr. Elson's presentation of our foreign relations, and particularly of the periods of hostilities with England, is such that none but an extreme Anglophile could take exception to it. A note of not unnatural exultation runs through his story of the campaigns of the Revolution and of the War of 1812, but, on the other hand, he is careful—and especially in his discussion of the causes of the Revolution—to point out and do full, perhaps over-generous, justice to the attitude of the mother country to her colonies. The same may be said of his treatment of England's position on the questions of recognizing the belligerent rights and the independence of the Confederate States, and of his

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exposition of the Trent affair. There are some noticeable exceptions to this rule, however, possibly the most striking being Mr. Elson's account of the part played by France in the struggle for independence. He takes the ground that the colonials would probably have gained their freedom without foreign aid, but this does not explain an apparent tendency to minimize the services rendered by French financiers, soldiers, and sailors. Nor, a little later, in dealing with France's own great crisis, can his strictures on the course pursued by Citizen Genêt be deemed deserving of entire approval. Here, however, comes in the whole question of characterization, of which more afterwards.

There remain the questions of sectional and political bias. In regard to both we find preponderating evidence that this may be considered a national history in the best meaning of the term. There has been too strong a foundation in fact for the complaint voiced not long ago by Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, that Northern historians write at, rather than of, the South, and that Southern historians return the compliment. No surer method of keeping sectional prejudices alive could be devised. Of a minor note, but still sometimes painfully in evidence, are the sectional jealousies of States, leading occasionally to a feeling that historians, while purporting to treat of the country as a whole, give undue prominence to sections with which they are by birth or otherwise allied. This latter criticism is deftly disarmed by Mr. Elson. In his discussion of the colonial and revolutionary periods he does not hesitate to give more space to Massachusetts and Virginia than to the other colonies, for which he clearly has the best of reasons; but, bearing in mind the necessary limitations of a "one-volume history," none but a carping critic could affirm that he has slighted the others in his briefer but almost equally comprehensive treatment of their modes of government, political institutions, and social customs and manners. Concerning the vexed, unnecessarily and deplorably vexed, question of "North" and "South," it need only be said that Mr. Elson gives to the South due credit with the North in the formative days of the Republic, and, coming to later times, Northerner though he be and no sympathizer with the institution that cost both North and South so much treasure of life and material wealth, he still finds it possible to write *of*, not *at*, the South. Always outspoken, and never more so than in his comments on slavery, he yet contrives to put himself in the slaveholder's and secessionist's place, and by so doing make clearer the remote causes of the Civil War. Undoubtedly those who cherish animosity from the ashes of the past will see partisanship in his pictures of plantation life and in the narrative of the struggle to save the Union. But not alone the ultra-Southerner—type happily fast disappearing—will detect reason for complaint. In his characterization of Northern leaders and his depictment of Northern policies, especially of Congressional reconstruction, the historian speaks his mind freely and to the point, and in a way not always flattering to Northern self-esteem.

This brings us to a consideration of the quality that gives his work its greatest value to the audience he especially addresses. Intensely patriotic, believing that in the United States as nowhere else is to be found a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, and this the best form of government, Mr. Elson refuses to be a worshiper of the individuals or the institutions that fall within his ken. Keenly critical of the leaders and of the events of the past—with one or two exceptions he refrains, and wisely, from attempting any discussion of what may be termed the "burning questions" of the present—his pen-portraits of notable figures and his exposition of salient incidents in the life of the Nation are marked, one is almost tempted to say, by the candor of a foreign observer. Radicalism, however, is never present, nor pessimism. Always conservatism and optimism will be found walking hand in hand. His faith in his fellow-citizens and in the future of his country is sublime—often latent, to be sure, and never voiced in strident tone, but to be drawn from the chronicle of the unpleasant as of the pleasant. This is the country of the

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people, is his keynote; what it is and what it will be depends upon the people. "Democracy is supreme in this country," he writes in closing his sketch of the career of Jefferson. "In all matters of government the people rule, except where their own lethargy has suffered the political boss to gain a temporary ascendency. If combinations of wealth or other interests gain control of the Government, it is because the people do not use the machinery that is in their hands. We have also nationality, strong and firm; but this has its being only at the will of the democracy. All constitutions, laws, congresses, and courts are subject to this great, final, national tribunal—the People. No statesman can rise above and disregard this power; no act of Congress is so stable that it may not be ground to powder by the ponderous weight of public opinion."

To the consciousness and to the conscience of the people Mr. Elson throughout makes appeal with high ideals—and in these ideals lies a strength that must overcome sectional or political prejudice of every type, and win for the author and his history no mean place in the esteem of his fellow-Americans.

A Distinguished Son of New England[1]

JOHN ALBION ANDREW, well called the "great War Governor" of Massachusetts, has found a worthy biographer in Henry Greenleaf Pearson. Approaching his task in a spirit of undisguised admiration and with a mind attuned to the liveliest sympathy, Mr. Pearson has disdained the easy but dangerous rôle of the hero-worshiper and has devoted himself with unremitting zeal to drawing a picture of Andrew which, by faithful inclusion of his weak as of his strong points, shall be lifelike and convincing. We find no studied effort to arrive at critical estimates, the biographer attaining his desired end chiefly by discriminating use of Andrew's own spoken and written words, by adducing the testimony of contemporaries, and by dwelling, it would seem almost unconsciously, upon the incidents and events of his life that were "epoch-marking." The result is an actual "re-creation." Andrew *in propria persona* stands before us, and stands revealed in a way that leaves us in no doubt as to what manner of man he was, emotional, sympathetic, impetuous, incorruptibly honest, patriotic—a prototype of all that is best in the sturdy New England character.

From the point of view of history, the most important phase of Andrew's life was, of course, his conduct as Chief Executive of the State through the Civil War. But to the student of human nature the highest value attaches to the earlier years, in which were developed the qualities that found their most striking manifestation in the period that tried the Nation so sorely; and it is with the biographer's treatment of the "formation" of Andrew that we would chiefly concern ourselves here. For this we find an added reason in the fact that the story of the development of Andrew, as told by Mr. Pearson, is a story peculiarly potent for good to young men. No youthful American can read the narrative of his career as War Governor without being inspired by sentiments of patriotism and admiration for good citizenship, but it is of far more importance that desire for emulation should be coupled with an understanding of what it was that framed Andrew's course, of the causes of the gubernatorial effects.

The opening chapter, detailing the salient features of Andrew's boyhood, is a sufficient indication that the biographer appreciates the higher duties of his office. Without any obvious attempt to paint the influence of heredity, he clearly shows how the qualities of his New England ancestors were reflected in the chubby, blue-eyed, curly-haired boy playing about his father's store in the little country town in Maine. Born and reared in an atmosphere of simplicity and high endeavor, Andrew from his earliest youth gave an abiding impression

[1] *Life of John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts, 1861-1865.* By H. Greenleaf Pearson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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of manliness. His father, stern and silent, fostered in him the traits of tireless energy and indomitability of purpose characteristic of his later years; enthusiasm and gentleness were his mother's gifts. Her death, when he was but fourteen, marked the first milestone in his life. "The crisis," to use Mr. Pearson's words, "brought into action in him powers of sympathy and tenderness which amazed all those who watched him. His care sought out not only the younger children but his broken father. From that time on the tact of human sympathy never failed him, and the memory of his mother, which, as he said long afterward, kept him 'from many youthful errors,' became for him consecrated above all things else. The door was opened for him into manhood."

But manhood was yet in the distance. Between it and youth lay the years of school and college. Both gave him not alone building of the mind but building of the character. At both, too, was developed that talent for oratory utilized to such brave purpose in his long battle against man's inhumanity to man, as exemplified in the institution of slavery. At fifteen he was talking politics, fired with anti-slavery inspiration drawn chiefly from a weekly religious paper. While at Bowdoin he heard George Thompson, the English abolitionist, whose "preaching of the gospel of immediate emancipation for the slave confirmed him in the faith and roused him to action." His anti-slavery vows were characteristic. He hated slavery not merely because it outraged his love for humanity—he saw in it a blot on the national honor, a drag to the country of which he was already intensely proud. Loyal to the school of Webster, slavery "must be crushed out, not together with the Constitution, but through the Constitution. Andrew, a descendant of the Puritans, a true Yankee of his own time, with a bent for mixing morals and politics, could not but ally himself with the men whose idealism was well ballasted."

The qualities of sociability, good humor, and ready wit that afterwards made him popular even with those who feared his radicalism were much in evidence at Bowdoin. On the religious side of his character, however, if we accept Mr. Pearson's estimate, the influence of the college was negative rather than positive. But it at least paved the way for the impression made upon the young man when, soon after his entrance into the legal circles of Boston, there came into his life the one who was best to cultivate his religious aspirations—James Freeman Clarke. Of the relations between the two we should like to follow Mr. Pearson in detail, but it must suffice to say that as his mother's death had told off the first, and the address of George Thompson the second, so did his meeting with Clarke mark the third milestone in Andrew's career. His life in Boston from 1837 to 1857 witnessed the ripening of the fruits of which his younger years had given such promise. As a politician, active in connection with the Free Soil party and the founding of the Republican party, he was ever the reformer and humanitarian, numbering among his closest friends Sumner, Howe, Bird, and Sanborn; as a lawyer he was lavish in dispensing his services in behalf of those whom he deemed unjustly accused. True to his better instincts, he coupled respect for law with the demand that law should mean protection, not oppression. But it was not until 1857 that he found himself embarked on the course of public office in which he was so highly to distinguish himself and to reflect such great credit upon his State.

In the fall of that year he was elected as a Boston member of the lower house of the General Court, where, as his first session was drawing to a close, he gave an unmistakable demonstration of his fitness to be a leader of men. The opportunity came with Caleb Cushing's scathing address on the Governor's message in the Loring case. "Andrew," writes Eben F. Stone, "had, until then, taken no conspicuous part in the proceedings, and was known only to a few of the members. Very few had thought of him as the man that could answer this speech." Answer it he did, however, and, to quote again from Stone, "when he took his seat there was a storm of applause. The radical men had found their prophet." Mr. Pearson

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adds, "From this time, throughout the State, the name of Andrew was always received with enthusiasm."

Here, in truth, another milestone had been passed. There was yet another before there was given to Andrew, despite party intrigue, the gubernatorial nomination, to be followed by his election on the crest of the wave of sentiment that carried Abraham Lincoln to the White House. This "epoch-marking" event was John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry. By it Andrew's emotional nature was stirred to the depths, and he strained every effort in behalf of the man who had sought to overthrow slavery by violence. His act was as uncompromising as his utterance at the meeting held to raise a fund for John Brown's family: "I pause not now to consider, because it is wholly outside the duty of this assembly to-night, whether the enterprise of John Brown and his associates in Virginia was wise or foolish, right or wrong; I only know that, whether the enterprise itself was the one or the other, John Brown himself is right." This assuredly was, as Mr. Pearson has put it, "a ringing challenge, not merely to the South, but to the timorous Republicans who still regretted the Whig party." As the sequel proved, it forged a link in the chain of circumstances that brought its speaker to the headship of the State.

Of the foresight that led Andrew, in the first days of his tenure of the Governorship, to make those preparations for war that enabled Massachusetts to step to the fore when the call for arms was sounded, Mr. Pearson writes with a wealth of detail, as he does of the herculean tasks accomplished in the face of apparently unsurmountable obstacles. If it be that he linger unduly upon the differences between Lincoln, Stanton, Butler, and his hero, the fault is the more easily forgiven because of the interesting side-lights these passages cast upon the characters of all four. Especially is Mr. Pearson to be commended for the deftness with which he delineates for his readers of forty years later the conditions accounting for the nearsight that beclouded contemporary opinion of the great War President, a nearsight shared to a degree by the man whose career is here unfolded. For perfect appreciation of this, however, as of the painstaking research to which the writer has devoted himself in the hope—happily fulfilled—of giving an authoritative and unprejudiced biography, we would refer the reader to the work itself. This is the tale of a noble life well told.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Beginnings of Christianity (The). By Paul Wernle. Translated by Rev. G. A. Bienemann, M.A. Edited by Rev. W. D. Morrison, LL.D. Vol. II. **The Development of the Church.** G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×9 in. 376 pages.
Reserved for later notice.

Bible in Modern Light (The): A Course of Lectures before the Bible Department of the Woman's Club, Omaha. By John Wesley Conley, D.D. The Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia. 4½×7½ in. 238 pages.

Christianity Defined. A Manual of New Testament Teaching on the Unity of the Church, Non-Resistance of Evil, Non-Conformity to the World in Deportment and Dress, The Proper Observance of the Ordinances, Separation from all Unfaithful Worship; To which is added Dissertations on Marriage, the Millennium, and Beneficiary Organizations. A Compilation from Different Authors. The Mail Publishing Co., Hagerstown, Md. 5½×8 in. 388 pages.
This interesting volume describes the doctrine and mode of life professed and practiced by the sect known as Reformed Mennonites. The gentle, kindly spirit of Christianity is conspicuous in them. With this goes the excessive literalism in the practical use of the Bible that is usually found among persons narrowly educated, *e. g.*, in reprobating legal and military resistance of wrong, inculcating the observance of feet-washing, and salutation with the "holy kiss." The misconception of the Church as "an ark of safety," rather than as a body militant for warfare on every form of evil, is unfortunately not limited to Mennonites.

Confessions of a Club Woman (The). By Agnes Surbridge. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 241 pages. $1.50.
That the average club woman is portrayed in these pages is open to question. That there are women who use their club associations as a means for social ambition is

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probably true; and that there is room for criticism of women who manage and attend the favorite mammoth conventions of the day is undoubtedly true. Did not "God A'mighty make 'em to match the men"? The heroine of this tale is less repulsive than that humiliatingly true portraiture of the American woman who could make a custard or write a club paper merely because she was an American, that appeared in a recent caustic novel. There is much food for reflection offered in these Confessions, and the author is wise in not failing to discriminate between the uses and abuses of women's clubs. The ideal woman is depicted in the closing pages, and we are glad to realize that the type is neither unknown nor unattainable. There are many clever thrusts at club methods, and good-natured warnings put up at the parting of the ways.

Daphne and Her Lad. By M. J. Lagen and Cally Ryland. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 237 pages. $1.25.

These letters of two newspaper writers conform to the modern taste sufficiently to be artificially clever and effectively dull. The expected tragedy at the close of the correspondence comes, and Daphne and Her Lad presumably write no more letters suitable for "The Woman's Page" or "The Maiden's Journal."

Domestic Slave Trade of the Southern States (The). By Winfield H. Collins, M.A. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 154 pages.

A review of sources and secondary authorities on the subject of the trade in slaves within the borders of the United States. As the author gives ample references to the books and documents which he has examined, it has its value as a brief book of reference.

Dux Christus: An Outline Study of Japan. By William Elliot Griffis. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 296 pages. 30c.

This is, of course, an interesting book. Dr. Griffis writes only that kind. It is reliable also, for he is the leading authority among us on Japan. Not only the history of Japan, and the characteristics of the country and its people, but especially the moral and religious transformation now advancing there as the result of missionary work, are presented here with timeliness, to all who are interested in the issue of the great war in the East. The absorption of Japanese resources in that struggle invites aid from outside to carry on unhindered the works of religious philanthropy. To this end the volume is designed to contribute.

Early Christian Martyrs and Their Persecutions (The). By Rev. J. Herkless, D.D. (The Temple Series of Bible Handbooks.) The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4×5½ in. 112 pages.

A brief résumé of the conflict of Christianity with the Roman Empire until the time of Constantine.

Edgar Poe: Sa Vie et son Œuvre. By Émile Lauvrière. Felix Alcan, Paris. 5×9 in. 732 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Grammar School Arithmetic. By David Eugene Smith, Ph.D. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 394 pages.

History of Matrimonial Institutions (A). By George Elliott Howard, Ph.D. In 3 vols. The University of Chicago Press (Callaghan & Co.), Chicago. 6×9 in. $10, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Hocus Pocus Money Book (The). By Albert Griffin. Published by Albert Griffin, Topeka, Kan. 4½×7½ in. 200 pages. Paper bound. 25c.

In Merry Measure. By Tom Masson. Illustrated. Life Publishing Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 152 pages. 75c.

Mr. Masson is well known to all readers of the lighter American literature as a clever and facile writer of humorous society verse. This volume contains a selection of his poems which have appeared in "Life" and elsewhere. It is pleasing, and in its satire mild but amusing.

Islam and the Oriental Churches: Their Historical Relations. By William Ambrose Shedd, M.A. The Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work, Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 255 pages. $1.25, net. (Postage, 7c.)

After delivery before five leading seminaries of the Presbyterian Church, these lectures are now published. Their survey of the period in which for many years Islam and Christianity have faced each other is for the light it casts on present and future opportunity and duty. It would seem that Islam exists to-day as a result of Christian neglect to cultivate the people from whom it sprang, and the people whose sword won its present stronghold. Mr. Shedd regards simplicity in doctrine and freedom in organization as essential to Christian success in this field. The activity of Christian laymen he regards as especially helpful, and ventures the suggestion that there is a useful place here for a Protestant monasticism, not as a spiritual discipline, but as a method of organized work by men where the establishment of family life is impracticable. A judicious and suggestive contribution to the discussion of a difficult problem is here made.

John Bellows: Letters and Memoir. Edited by his Wife. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 392 pages. $3.

The subject of this memoir, an honored member of the Society of Friends in England, by trade a printer, was an active philanthropist, a large-minded, cultivated, kindly man, one of those in whom the divine Word is made flesh. The ancestor of the American branch of the family, who sailed from England in 1635, bore the same name. John Bellows was a friend and correspondent of Senator Hoar, Dr. Holmes, his son Judge Holmes, and other Americans. In 1901 Harvard gave him the honorary M.A. for his French Dictionary, a work for which Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, predicted a high reputation. One of his latest good works was in assisting the emigration of the persecuted Russian sect of the Doukhobors to Canada. The benevolence, the religious thoughtfulness, the observations of travel, the antiquarian interest, the friendships with

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men both of high and low degree, which appear in this volume, combine to present a character of unusual charm.

Our Own and Other Worlds. By Joseph Hamilton. Illustrated. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×7½ in. 365 pages. $1.

Pennsylvania: A Primer. By Barr Ferree. Illustrated. The Leonard Scott Publication Co., New York. 6×9¼ in. 256 pages. $3.

Physical Deterioration: Its Causes and the Remedy. By A. Watt Smyth. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 318 pages. $2, net.

One of the indirect consequences of the South African War was to bring the British public face to face with the question, Are we, as a people, deteriorating physically? The problem assumed concrete form through Sir Frederick Maurice's declaration that at least sixty per cent. of Englishmen wishing to be soldiers were unfit for military service, and his blunt demand: "Does it mean that the class which necessarily supplies the bulk of the ranks of our army consists in this large proportion of men physically unfit?" A movement was begun to secure the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate the subject, but the appointment is still pending, and in the interim Mr. A. Watt Smyth has conducted an independent inquiry, which leads him to the conclusion, as expressed in this volume, that, if it is difficult to prove progressive physical deterioration, it is at least certain that the standard is showing no improvement over that of the past few decades, and that conditions are such as to justify the epithet "alarming." Examining causes, he also suggests cures, and while his work is primarily addressed to British readers, it is of no doubtful value to students of social questions in the United States. It is sane, temperate, and dignified, strong as much in the manner of presentation as in conclusions. To those who would assist in the movement from the tenements to the country, or in mitigating the conditions of life in the congested districts of our cities, it offers many practically helpful suggestions. Health board officials, settlement workers, and school-teachers will find it an exceedingly serviceable manual.

Saul and the Hebrew Monarchy. By Rev. Robert Sinker, D.D. (The Temple Series of Bible Handbooks.) The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4×5½ in. 92 pages.

This is substantially an exposition of the Biblical narrative taken at its face value. The author does not hesitate to accept the statement that Saul raised the siege of Jabesh with an army of 330,000 (1 Sam. xi., 8), and that the order for the massacre of the Amalekites in revenge for an ancient injury was actually given by God. The unevenness of this series of handbooks, illustrated by the extreme contrast between this volume and the volume by Professor Duff on Abraham, detracts from its value as a whole.

Staff Method (The). By the Rev. S. S. Mitchell, D.D. (The Presbyterian Pulpit.) The Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work, Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 178 pages. 75c., net. (Postage, 7c.)

Sea Stories for Wonder Eyes. By Mrs. A. S. Hardy. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 157 pages.

Selected Sermons of Jonathan Edwards. Edited by H. Norman Gardiner. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 181 pages. 25c.

Uncle Robert's Geography. Vol. IV. A River Journey. By Francis W. Parker and Nellie Lathrop Helm. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 277 pages.

Under the Sun: A Story of Old Peru. By Charles W. Buck. Sheltman & Co., Louisville, Ky. 5×7½ in. 413 pages.

This romance, founded upon the story of the Incas of Peru and their ancient civilization, gives evidence of painstaking care on the part of the author, a former United States Minister to Peru. While the stately narrative moves with somewhat ponderous step, the reader is at times disturbed by modern colloquialisms quite out of harmony with the necessities of the situation. Pizarro is a central figure, and beautiful princesses with fascinating attendants fill in a highly colored canvas.

Watchers of the Trails (The): A Book of Animal Life. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 361 pages. $2.

In this book lovers of nature and lovers of literature will find pleasure. Among the many writers about animals, Mr. Roberts occupies an enviable place. While his poetic imagination requires fiction and romance in which to express itself fully, he does not offend the exact observer of nature by transferring every human complexity into the terms of animal instinct. These stories are exquisite in their refinement, and yet robust in appreciation of some of the rougher phases of woodcraft. Particularly beautiful and delicately discriminating are the stories of the "Freedom of the Black-Faced Ram" and the "Return to the Trails." Yet, upon consideration, it is difficult to single out any one or two of the tales for particular commendation. It is the spirit that pervades Mr. Roberts's work that makes it unique. His lifelong intimacy with the secrets of the woods preserves him from the melodramatic, the visionary, and the sentimental pitfalls where lie, one might say, heaps of his contemporaries, who venture too far after the delusive will-o'-the-wisp nature.

Web of Indian Life (The). By the Sister Nivedita (Margaret E. Noble), of Ramakrishna-Vivekananda. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 301 pages.

In this web it will only be the very naïve or those totally ignorant of conditions in India who will be entangled. The web is there, but the spider is very carefully concealed. Whatever injurious influence this book may have will be due to the fact that the author ignores the dark evils that exist in India.

What is Art? By Leo Tolstoy. Translated from the original MS., with an Introduction by Aylmer Maude. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 237 pages.

This work, of which only mutilated editions were allowed to appear in Russia, exhibits

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the author's breadth in some directions, and his narrowness in others; as in his low opinion of science, and also, very strangely, of patriotism. His chief canon seems to be that everything is to be estimated according to its apparent sociological value. Art he defines as a means for transmitting perception into feeling. The common religious perception being defined as the consciousness of human brotherhood, true art is exercised in creating feelings that tend to bind men together. Art does not exist for its own sake, but for the end that it serves; a false end makes art false. "The task for Christian art is to establish brotherly union among men."

Writings of Samuel Adams (The). Collected and Edited by Harry Alonzo Cushing. Vol. I. 1764–1769. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 449 pages. $5.

"If Taxes are laid upon us in any shape without our having a legal Representation where they are laid, are we not reduced from the Character of free Subjects to the miserable State of tributary Slaves?" Thus the patriot Samuel Adams, in 1764, in the first paper of the handsome collection of his writings now in process of publication. His works fittingly find place in the series which includes the writings of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Franklin, Monroe, Madison, Jay, and King; they provide an accurate barometer of the hopes and fears of the colonials, smarting under the injustice of the home government, and express clearly the causes and justification of the protests that found their culmination in the War for Independence. From his entrance into public life Adams devoted himself to the cause of liberty, and used his talents to such good purpose that it has been said of him, "No single man did so much to promote the success of the Revolution." Many of his papers were destroyed at an early date, but enough have survived to prove of invaluable assistance to the student of the history of the youthful years of the Nation; and in bringing them together from their widely separated resting-places in this country and abroad the editor and publishers have rendered a distinct service. The present volume covers the period 1764–1769, and it is expected to conclude the work in two or three more volumes. Upon its completion we intend to give it a detailed review.

Why Love Grows Cold. By Ellen Burns Sherman. Gordon & Flagg, Springfield, Mass. 5×7½ in. 253 pages.

Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

What Is the Issue?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

You had not long since a summary of the Republican platform. Now that the Democratic Convention has adjourned, is it not fair to say that the one distinctive difference between the two parties is the tariff? The candidate of each is a religious man, of high character, courage, and integrity. Each is pledged to the maintenance of the gold standard; to the sympathetic and intelligent administration of our insular possessions, to civil service reform, and to the repression of the abuses of corporate monopoly. But Roosevelt stands for the substantial maintenance of the present tariff, Parker for its reduction and revision.

EVERETT P. WHEELER.

New York City.

[The Outlook's views on this point are expressed in these sentences from an editorial published last week: "So far as the two conventions, the two candidates, and the two platforms indicate, the most fundamental issue in this campaign is, Shall we permit and encourage an industrial development, with the gigantic combinations which such development involves, and make a government strong enough to control them? or, Shall we discourage such combinations, and even by drastic measures prohibit them, and give our government substantially no greater powers than belonged to it half a century ago?"—THE EDITORS.]

Concerning Federal Appointments

To the Editors of The Outlook:

You are aware, doubtless, that your paper is looked upon, even by those who do not accept your views, as standing for that great virtue, candor. Though you are partisan, we cherish the hope—so hard to preserve in America—that you will continue open-minded in your partisanship. Therefore, is it absurd to hope that you will print these few sentences on a political issue, an issue which you see in one light and the people of South Carolina see in another?

To present the issue, one must introduce—I regret to say—that "burning question" of the appointment of negroes to Federal office. But the issue to which I refer is involved in the race problem by accident only. The question is not whether negroes should be appointed to Federal office, but whether such appointments—or any others—should be peculiar to any particular section? Should the Government have one programme of appointment in Charleston and another in New York? The present writer happens to be a federalist, but to my mind the condition precedent of successful federalization is that all sections, like all individuals, be equal before the law. If the Government intends,

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in all parts of the country, to divide its appointments proportionately between blacks and whites, the situation is one thing. If the Government is deliberately singling out South Carolina for exceptional treatment, the situation is vastly different. Which is the Government's intention?

As a student of American history, I ask you, sir, to present this question to your readers.

NATHANIEL W. STEPHENSON.
(Professor of History, College of Charleston.)
Charleston, South Carolina.

[There would be no justification and no excuse for the Government if it were singling out South Carolina for separate treatment. The principles applicable to the case of Dr. Crum are to us very clear, namely:

I. Men should be appointed to office simply for the purpose of rendering public service, and the best men available for such service should be appointed. There would be as little sense in dividing appointments proportionally between different races as between different denominations.

II. In general, no person *persona non grata* in the local community should be appointed.

III. But the spirit of the Constitution, as well as the spirit of fair dealing, forbids the Government to discriminate against any man merely because of race or color.

IV. These principles are equally applicable in all sections, in New York and Boston as in Charleston or New Orleans.—THE EDITORS.]

Expenses at the World's Fair

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have just read your little article in the number for July 9, on the cost of visiting the Exposition. The statements made by your correspondent about the ease of procuring satisfactory rooms in the residence district are entirely correct, and there are any number of people of ample means who are throwing open their homes and offering rooms at not more than $1.50 per day, usually at one dollar. While his remarks about meals are true as to the Exposition grounds, they are not correct with regard to many places outside of the grounds, as I have experienced as a long-time resident of this city and New York. I have in mind one of the principal hotels in this city, which gives a table d'hôte dinner at night for $1 that is equal to any $1.50 or $2 dinner that I have ever been able to obtain in New York on visits there from year to year. One hotel gives, on Sunday, a good table d'hôte lunch for 75 cents. One of our medium-grade hotels gave an acquaintance of mine this morning, for breakfast, blackberries, choice of oatmeal or two other cereals, followed by a choice of meat, eggs, or fish, wheat cakes and maple syrup, and a choice of tea, coffee, or cocoa, and all for 35 cents, everything cleanly and daintily served. There is a certain hotel here, which has been run for years by an ex-steward of one of the leading hotels, which furnishes an appetizing breakfast every morning, to those who do not want to order by card, for 35 cents. They do not give the variety above referred to, but give a selection of meats that are rather better, and service that cannot be excelled. There are a number of places where dinner is served for 50 cents comprising soup, roast, or choice of two or three kinds of meat cooked in other ways, three or four kinds of vegetables, choice of two articles for dessert, and tea or coffee. They are, of course, outside of the Exposition grounds, and, in fact, none of them are within a mile of the grounds.

If New York City gives as good a meal as the above for "half the money," then I have been very unfortunate in my visits there for the past ten years. Because of the idea that this would be an excellent time to make money here, so many have started in the restaurant business around the city that prices are kept about the same as they have always been.

M. H. S.

St. Louis, Missouri.

A University Centenary

The centennial Commencement of the University of Vermont at Burlington, July 2–7, brought together a large number of alumni, and also of distinguished educators. The programme was worthy of the occasion. The addresses, all of a high order, recounted the events in the splendid history of the University, recalled the achievements of her sons, and pictured the service which the University has rendered to the higher interests of the State. Some of the addresses, however, perhaps the greater number, had a wider scope, and treated illuminatingly and inspiringly the relation of the University and university training to the great world of affairs. Great interest naturally centered around the centennial oration by the Hon. D. P. Kingsley, of New York. The orator reviewed the history of the institution, tracing its growth from the time when it graduated a class of four in 1804 to the present year, when 109, including 54 from the medical department, were graduated. Fine tributes were paid to Ira Allen and others, who by their talents and sacrifices had contributed to the growth of the institution, and especially to President Buckham, under whose administration of thirty-three years the greatest advances have been made. The corner-stone of an imposing medical building was laid by Governor McCullough. The Endowment Fund Committee reported $216,000 already pledged towards the $1,000,000 which it is proposed to raise. While the exercises were in progress the announcement was made that a very desirable piece of land had been secured for a new athletic field. The occasion was one of rare pleasure and cannot fail to bear helpfully upon the future welfare of the University and the educational interests of Vermont. * *

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THE OUTLOOK WANT DEPARTMENT

is of great assistance to Outlook readers seeking *Positions* or *Business Opportunities*, or looking for *Help* in all the better grades. An advertisement in The Outlook Want Department is almost certain to bring results. *The rate for notices in this Department is* Five Cents *for each word or initial, address included. Orders should be sent (with remittance) at least ten days prior to publication.*

PARTNER wanted wholesale meat. George H. Crapon, 41 Charles Field St., Providence, R. I.

GAME of Pronunciation. Send stamp for information. Agents wanted at once. Charles Harris, Oxford, Mass.

A good position is always open for a competent man. His difficulty is to find it. We have openings for high-grade men in all capacities—Executive, Technical, and Clerical—paying from $1,000 to $10,000 a year. "Right places for right men. Right men for right places." Write for plan and booklet. Hapgoods (Inc.), Suite 511, 309 Broadway, New York.

A position now open—Manager $2,000; bookkeeper $1,200; salesman $1,500; secretary $1,000. Write for free booklet of open positions. Business Opportunity Co., 1 Union Square, New York.

TEACHERS, Principals, Governesses—immediate vacancies and for September. Fall orders being received. Communicate now in time for annual bulletin. Schermerhorn Teachers' Agency, 3 East Fourteenth Street, New York City.

YALE Ph.D., experienced in college and preparatory teaching, will take desirable boy abroad for summer or year. Highest references. No. 2,449, The Outlook.

A young lady, refined and well educated, wishes position as companion, preferably to a lady wishing to travel. If a semi-invalid, would give the kindest care and attention. References. No. 2,521, The Outlook.

TEACHERS and governesses wanted for fall vacancies. Write now. Dixon Educational Bureau, 1420 Chestnut, Philadelphia.

WANTED in Boston for a responsible position with a large organization, woman about 30 or 35 years of age with business ability, thorough knowledge of bookkeeping, and interest in statistics; a woman with college training preferred. Address, stating occupation, references, and salary expected, No. 2,641, The Outlook.

WANTED in an institution in Boston, a woman to take charge of an industrial department; must have executive and business ability, knowledge of hand work and artistic design, and experience in dealing with employees. Address, stating age, former occupation, salary required, and references, No. 2,643, The Outlook.

WANTED—Healthy governess for little girl, English, music, and German, on ranch. W. I. Grinnell, Ozona, Texas.

MOTHER'S helper wanted in Montclair, N. J., about September 1st; young woman desired to assist in care of four children, must be strong, willing, and fond of children. Best of references given and required. Write fully and state wages expected. No. 2,817, Outlook.

POSITION wanted—Housekeeper or manager by lady of executive ability and experience. Disengaged. References. No. 2,835, The Outlook.

WANTED—Position as companion or housekeeper for a young woman of cultivation and refinement. Will travel. Excellent credentials. No. 2,621, The Outlook.

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KINDERGARTNER, graduate of Ethical Culture School, desires position in private school in or near New York. H. B., Westfield, N. J.

WANTED—Position by educated lady as managing housekeeper, or companion. Experience; references. Box 33, Nantucket, Mass.

KINDERGARTNER, experienced, desires position in public schools. Best references. Box 704, Marseilles, Ill.

VASSAR graduate, experienced tutor, wishes position as resident tutor or in private school. E. S. J., 57 Garfield Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

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BACKWARD children received and instructed in a pleasant home in Boston; limited. No. 2,749, The Outlook.

BOARDERS wanted.—New house, first-class in every respect. Near White Mountains. Beautiful drives. Mountain Grove House, North Bethel, Maine.

OBERLIN student desires position as companion, secretary, governess, or mother's helper. Salary moderate. References, Helen Bassett, North Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

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EXPERIENCED primary governess desires engagement for August and part September. Mountains preferred. No. 2,739, The Outlook.

GOVERNESSES, visiting, resident; teachers, professors, specialists, traveling companions, couriers, kindergartners, musicians, singers, house managers. Supplied to schools, families, etc. Miss Hopkins' Agency, 1 Union Square. Telephone 4923 Gramercy.

VIRGINIA lady solicits orders for home-made preserves, jellies, catsups, sauces. Box 21, Delapane, Va.

POSITION wanted in the South by American woman as companion, or managing housekeeper. Can teach Spanish, music, and drawing. Address No. 2,837, Outlook.

DOMESTIC science graduate d classes, settlement or mission work, York. No. 2,735, The Outlook.

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LADY having large country seat distance from New York, where schoo vantages are exceptionally fine, will re a girl fourteen to eighteen years old, w family wish her to have school advant together with care, mentally, morally, p cally, and socially. References exchan Mrs. Jersey, No. 2,745, The Outlook.

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SUPERINTENDENTS and Pr pals wanted, to pick wild raspberries catch black bass; see Philosophy in C advertisement. No. 2,731, The Outlook.

EDUCATED woman, experie teacher and governess, desires position; pable taking entire charge home and child Nature study, history, mathematics. 2,769, The Outlook.

YOUNG Swedish lady, speaking Engl French, German, and Norwegian, exp enced traveler, wishes position. Mad Sissak, 58 Church St, Hartford, Conn.

FEW guests or family can be accom dated at attractive old place in Farming Conn. Rates $8 to $10 per week. Add Box 163.

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